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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE Second Reading debate on the Trade Unions Bill is described on another page by our Parliamentary Correspondent. The Committee stage of the Bill began on Wednesday and was marked by a welcome change from rhetoric and invective to concentrated argument. On an amendment to insert the words, "For the purpose of removing doubts . . .", at the beginning of Clause 1, Sir Henry Slessor opened an extremely interesting discussion as to whether the effect of the clause was to make a change in the law. The point is not one of great importance in itself, but the more the existing law is discussed, the more improbable it seems that the Bill, however skilfully amended, will succeed in clarifying it. The object of the Bill—in so far as it has any legitimate object—is to make a general strike like that of last May illegal. But it is

perfectly obvious that there will never be another general strike exactly like the last, and it is equally obvious that any legislation will either have the effect of prohibiting legitimate trade-union action, or fail to avert the kind of action which is feared. Thus Mr. Harney made an excellent point when he showed that Clause 1 invites the Courts to pronounce on the motives of the strikers, or, alternatively, to deduce their motives from the numbers involved.

* * *

In the House of Lords on Tuesday, Lord Arnold raised the question of the payment made to the Bank of England for the administration of the National Debt. It will be remembered that Mr. Keynes raised this matter in THE NATION a fortnight ago, pointing out that the sum (£1,095,199) exceeds the total costs of the Treasury the Home Office, the Foreign Office, and the Colonial Office, taken together. Lord Arnold referred to his own experience as a member of a sub-committee of the Committee of National Expenditure, which investigated the matter in 1918. The sub-committee then found that the Bank was receiving about £1,500,000, and "armed with the weapon of publicity" succeeded in effecting an agreed reduction to £750,000 or less, while retaining "some doubt" as to whether this reduction was "adequate." The figure has now grown again to over £1 million. Lord Arnold asked what profit the Bank is making, and submitted that whether it is making a profit or not "the work is being done extravagantly."

* * *

Lord Arnold, not having given notice that he would raise the question, did not press for an immediate answer from the Government; and no answer, accordingly, was forthcoming. But the comments of the "City authorities" consulted by the Press are instructive. "All these dividend warrants and envelopes have to be printed," observes one, "and then there is the great amount of expense and work involved in sending them out." Have to be printed! Why "have to be"? What would be said of an ordinary Government Department which adopted such expensive methods? What would be said if the Inland Revenue were to send us our income-tax forms and demand-notes on the best quality stationery and in specially printed envelopes? Certainly, the item is not a big one in relation to the total interest charges on the Debt, but it is a big one in relation to the petty and, in our judgment, harmful administrative economies, like the winding-up of post-war departments, and the reduction of new entrants to the Civil Service, for which it is thought so virtuous to press.

* * *

Varying estimates were given in the House of Lords of the total costs of Civil Service administration; but if we deduct the costs of all truly remunerative departments, e.g., not only the Post Office, but the

Customs and Inland Revenue, which must be adequately staffed unless the Revenue is to lose money, and exclude also the War Departments which are in a category by themselves, we doubt whether the total figure for administration proper can be put as high as £10 millions. The Bank charges for the Debt seem excessive in relation to this sum. So far is it from being true that Civil Service standards of reasonable administrative expenditure are extravagant in comparison with business standards, the opposite is the case. Business men who would regard it as "false economy" to have the Debt administered more cheaply and nastily for the sake of a trumpery saving of half a million or so, do not realize how inconsistent they are in railing at the extravagance of bureaucrats, and in pressing for changes which may gravely impair our administrative efficiency for the sake of savings which are to be reckoned only in tens of thousands. They ought to be forced to recognize their inconsistency. That is the real significance of the Bank charges point.

* * *

We have not hitherto said much about the proposal to restrict the number of new entrants to the Civil Service; but what "economy" could be more shortsighted? Of all our institutions the Civil Service is the one in which national pride is most unquestionably justified. We cannot be sure that our business men are more efficient than the American. We cannot be sure that our scientists are better than the Germans. But what country does not envy us our Civil Service? The high quality of our Civil Service is due principally to the fact that we have been able to recruit for it some of the very best brains and most resourceful abilities of each successive University generation. The potential consequences of the virtual suspension of new entries, which was inevitable for some years after the war, are already serious. The Civil Service examinations have already lost their old prestige as one of the leading academic contests, in which success was regarded as a distinction comparable with a College Fellowship. Our most talented young men no longer think in terms of the public service as a possible career. If the policy of restriction is to be accentuated we shall get a second-rate Civil Service a generation hence. And while we are tending in this direction for the sake of comparatively trifling savings, we take virtually no account of money where large issues of policy are concerned.

* * *

Sir Austen Chamberlain has extricated the Government very skilfully from the consequences of that unfortunate threat of sanctions in China, which we discussed at length in last week's issue. In a carefully reasoned statement on May 9th he argued that the whole situation had been changed by the split in the Nationalist ranks. The Government which incited, or condoned, the Nanking outrages had disappeared as the direct result of a reaction against extremist policies provoked by those very outrages. "The real offenders—the Communist agitators—have been punished by the Chinese Nationalists themselves with a severity and effectiveness of which no foreign Power was capable. In Shanghai, Canton, and other towns the extremist organizations have been broken up and their leaders executed." In these circumstances the British Government were unwilling to embarrass the new Nationalist Government now being formed at Nanking, by any threat of sanctions, or even by the presentation of a new note, although they reserved to themselves the right to ask for compensation for the outrages on British subjects, when a new and stable Government should be formed.

This is a sane and dignified attitude, and we are sorry to see that attempts are still being made to embarrass the Government by an agitation for reprisals against some person or persons unknown, and especially for reoccupation of the Hankow Concession. The real answer to this last demand was admirably expressed by Sir Austen Chamberlain himself. "The Hankow Agreement was signed, not for the exigencies of the moment, but with a view to our whole future policy in China. It was the earnest of . . . our readiness to revise the treaties in a broad and liberal spirit. . . . It offered tangible proof of our sincerity, and has been so judged by the world in general and by all those Chinese who have been in a position to appreciate its significance and generosity." This argument seems to us conclusive. It is perfectly true that the conditions on which the settlement was given up have not been carried out; but so long as there is the least chance of an efficient and stable Nationalist Government being formed in Southern China, it would be the height of folly to take a step which—whatever its legal justification—would inevitably be construed as a reversal of the policy of which Hankow was the pledge. It may be added that, if the Chinese themselves fail in their efforts to induce order out of chaos, a military occupation of the settlement would be productive of little beyond additional expenditure.

* * *

At the end of its first week it is difficult to forecast the degree of success which will be achieved by the World Economic Conference at Geneva. The first few days were inevitably occupied by set speeches of a more or less formal character, in which the principal representatives of various countries expounded their particular difficulties and admirable intentions. From these speeches it appears that the experts whom the Governments have selected to discuss economic problems at a conference which cannot legislate are nearly all Free Traders. There is something like general agreement among the members of the Conference as to the economic interdependence of the world and the crying need for the removal of trade barriers, such as high tariffs. Herr von Siemens, President of the Economic Council of the German Reich, spoke at length of the danger of State interference in industry; and Mr. W. T. Layton made the striking statement that there were to-day nearly 7,000 more miles of tariff barriers in Europe than before the war, and ten millions unemployed. Meanwhile, however, the French Government, which took the leading part in initiating this Conference, is engaged in promoting a new tariff law of a highly Protectionist character, and it is difficult not to feel that there is a certain air of unreality about the work of the Conference.

* * *

Nevertheless, the process of educating Governments and electorates being necessarily slow, the Conference may well prove to be the "first stone of a structure that will serve the general interest and the cause of peace," as its President, M. Theunis, modestly suggests. At the very least, the delegates will return to their own countries with a quickened sense of the importance of the issues now under discussion; at the best, there may be a striking expression of instructed opinion on international economic problems. The Conference was evidently stirred by Mr. Layton's admirable speech, in which he urged, with great force, that, in the face of the world changes that have taken place since 1913, the cry of "Back to pre-war"—though it was useful as a starting-point immediately after the conclusion of peace—is misleading. The increased industrialization of the world and the shifting of

economic forces make the *status quo ante* impracticable and even undesirable. Mr. Layton also enlivened the Conference by putting a question to America and a question to Russia. Must the Governments of Europe base their policy on the assumption that the United States are going to continue to lend freely but not to buy from Europe? What are the prospects of Russia's foreign commerce expanding to its pre-war dimensions? The American representatives have not as yet attempted a reply, but M. Ossinsky, the Soviet spokesman, boldly answered that his Government have no intention of abandoning their monopoly of foreign trade; that there is no doubt that that trade will eventually rise above the level of 1913, but that the time taken will depend on whether Russia can obtain capital from abroad.

* * *

The Colonial Office Conference, at which twenty-five Crown Colonies, Protectorates, and Mandated Territories are represented, forms an interesting and useful supplement to the Imperial Conference. In a capital opening speech Mr. Amery defended the elastic system of Imperial administration which allowed each Colonial Government, and each Colonial Service, to grow up on the spot by a continuous process of local evolution, and thus to adapt itself to local needs; but he rightly pointed out that watertight compartments, especially if they were small ones, inevitably led to stagnation in matters requiring the application of scientific methods—problems of agriculture, transport, hygiene, and veterinary regulations. His plea for greater co-operation in these matters was warmly supported in the general discussion that followed, and it looks as if the Conference may lead to some effective steps for the pooling of research work and a more frequent exchange of technical officers. The calling of the Conference appears to have been warmly welcomed, and several delegates suggested that similar gatherings, on a larger scale, should be held at fixed intervals, and that non-official representatives of the Colonies should be invited to co-operate on technical and economic questions. The very fact that the Conference is not much concerned with the larger political issues should increase its capacity for practical and beneficial work.

* * *

Next week an important meeting will be held in connection with the renewed application of the engineering unions for an advance in wages. Last year's negotiations on the claim for a £1 a week increase were brought to an end by the coal stoppage, and as we pointed out at the time, this was most opportune even for the unions in view of the anomalous and somewhat ridiculous deadlock which had been reached. The union leaders have not repeated the mistake of allowing their hands to be tied by insistence on any definite claim: a month ago they merely requested the employers to reopen negotiations. The Employers' Federation replied that its district associations must be consulted, and at next week's meeting a reply is to be given. Meantime, the London district committees have held a conference at which a resolution was passed demanding freedom to renew the London district claim if the present national negotiations come to naught. This must not be taken too seriously, but it does illustrate the dissatisfaction of the workers in those districts where the engineering industry has for some time past been faring reasonably well. The engineering unions are in fact confronted with the dilemma of abandoning national wage regulation, or forgoing the very substantial advances which could be afforded in certain districts. The Employers' Federation, judging by its attitude last year, is prepared to go to extremes rather

than return to district settlements. There are obvious disadvantages in district settlements from the point of view of the unions, but there are also solid advantages. The outcome of next week's meeting is therefore a matter of great interest.

* * *

The Report of the Ministry of Labour for 1926, published this week, contains no startling disclosures, but much miscellaneous information on subjects of far-reaching importance. The fluidity of labour, sadly impaired by the industrial strife of last year, is not yet restored even to its pre-coal dispute position; and in the opinion of the Ministry, one of the most urgent of immediate problems is to tackle this "frozen" labour and unfreeze it. A cautious comment on certain tendencies, to which we have frequently drawn attention, follows:—

"Certain observers profess to see in this irregular distribution of employment and unemployment a tendency for industrial development to move from the North towards the Midlands and South, and to turn from big establishments spreading near the supplies of coal fuel to smaller establishments more widely scattered and drawing their power from electricity. Whether this is a true interpretation of the currents in industrial expansion . . . or not, there is no doubt that the Midlands and the South and West have generally enjoyed greater prosperity even in the difficult times of the last year, and it is in those parts of the country that there has been occasional difficulty in obtaining labour of the right quality."

The conclusion is that employment exchanges must be made "as efficient as possible." The Ministry is evidently making every effort to ensure that the Exchanges shall discharge the function for which they were intended not less adequately than they now discharge their responsible (but adventitious) function of paying out Unemployment benefit. But they have had a discouraging year. The number of vacancies dealt with (about one million) is well below the level of the two previous years.

* * *

In respect of the Ministry's other activities, little that is new is recorded. The Industrial Court issued during the year 107 decisions; the Ministry settled twenty-four cases under the Conciliation Act; sixty-seven employers were prosecuted under the Trade Boards Acts for attempting to cheat their employees. All these things would have astonished our grandfathers, though, very properly, they do not astonish us. Perhaps the most interesting new development is the training scheme for young unemployed men. This, in official parlance, "has achieved a large measure of success," and evidently there is something in it. Non-residential centres have been opened at Birmingham and Wallsend, where "handyman" training in the use of various tools and materials is provided; and residential centres at Claydon, and Brandon in Suffolk where similar training is especially adapted to the requirements of our own countryside and of the Dominions. Young unmarried men desiring to emigrate are accepted for these residential courses. At present some 750 men are in training at Birmingham and Wallsend, and 350 (of whom 250 propose subsequently to emigrate) at the residential centres. It was ascertained, in November of last year, that 989 men out of 1396 who had passed through the centres had obtained some sort of employment. There seems a *prima facie* case for the extension of these experiments, subject to certain safeguards. The co-operation of employers' and workers' organizations should, if possible, be obtained, and attention should be specially directed to training for those industries which can point to an expanding market for their products.

CLAUSE ONE AND THE GENERAL STRIKE

THE Government has announced two amendments to Clause 1 of the Trade Unions Bill. One of them is designed to meet the complaint that the Bill omits to prohibit general lock-outs as it prohibits general strikes; and it proposes to recite the same formula in both cases. This, of course, is admittedly the merest flummery. Indeed, the fact that Conservative opinion, with a parade of a desire to meet every reasonable criticism of the Bill, should have pressed so strongly for this futile alteration, is a measure of the failure to understand the grounds of the bitterness which the measure has aroused. There is no surer sign that politicians do not know what they are doing than that they should mistake this sort of unreal egalitarian formalism for even-handed justice.

The other Government amendment is a far more substantial affair. It represents a real and material improvement. Clause 1, in its original form, declared illegal any strike "having any object besides the furtherance of a trade dispute within the trade or industry in which the strikers are engaged," if it is

"designed or calculated to coerce the Government or to intimidate the community or any substantial portion of the community."

The amendment proposes to substitute the following words for those which we have set out in small type:—

"designed or calculated to coerce the Government *either directly or by inflicting hardship upon the community.*"

The material change lies in the words we have italicized, which make hardship to the community relevant only in so far as it entails the possible coercion of the Government. The original wording might quite easily have had the effect of prohibiting every sort of sympathetic strike, even of the most parochial character. For example, if the local tramwaymen in a provincial town were to come out in support of some other body of local strikers, their action might be held, on quite a reasonable interpretation of the Clause, to be calculated to intimidate "a substantial portion of the community." But it would be very difficult to argue in such a case that the Government was in any danger of coercion.

What, then, are we to say of Clause 1, amended as the Government proposes to amend it? Can we now feel reasonably assured that its scope will be limited in practice to its avowed purpose, namely, to penalizing what is commonly understood by a General Strike? Unfortunately, loopholes for ambiguity still remain. There are two serious loopholes in the words which define the first condition of an illegal strike, namely, that it must have some "object besides the furtherance of a trade dispute within the trade or industry in which the strikers are engaged." These words are intended, of course, to limit the scope of the Clause to "sympathetic" strikes. The idea is that two conditions must be satisfied before a strike becomes illegal: (1) it must be "sympathetic," and (2) (in the revised version) it must be calculated to coerce the Government. Now the former condition is clearly essential, if the scope of the Clause is to be limited to the Government's avowed purposes, because ordinary strikes in leading industries, like railways and coal, might reasonably be held to satisfy the second condition, inflicting, as they do, a degree of hardship on the community which

necessarily makes them a matter of Governmental concern. It is important, therefore, that the words which seek to limit the Clause to "sympathetic" strikes should be watertight. But, as Mr. Ramsay Muir points out in the booklet* to which we referred last week, they are very far from being watertight. Take the coal stoppage of last year, or that of 1921. In both cases the coalowners argued—this was, indeed, the leading feature of their voluminous propaganda—that the Miners' Federation had other than legitimate wage objects, that it was out to force nationalization by ruining the colliery companies and making private ownership impossible. We were all deluged with copies of "The Miners' Next Step," an anonymous pre-war pamphlet, of which Mr. Cook was a reputed co-author, as proof of this illegitimate design.

The wording of Clause 1 would admit of a coal strike, pure and simple, being declared illegal if magistrates or judges were impressed by arguments like these. Show to their satisfaction that the strike has "any object *besides* the furtherance of a trade dispute . . ." and you have established the first condition of illegality. (There would be little difficulty, as we have suggested, in establishing the second.) Nor would it require gross, palpable unfairness on the part of the courts to construe the clause in some such way. Motives in this world are seldom pure. Extravagant and absurd as are the allegations of the Mining Association, it is quite true, in our opinion, that the militant policy of the Miners' Federation has been *tinged* by wide, vague, political ambitions. Indeed, if we suppose, for a moment, that this Bill had been law in 1921, and that the legality of the coal strike of that year had been called in question, would not the speeches of counsel for the Miners' Federation, required to argue that there was *no* other motive than that of wages, have sounded hollow and unconvincing? What damaging extracts from Mr. Smillie's speeches he would have had to meet! How wretchedly he would have seemed to quibble as he tried to explain away defiant assertions that the miners would not allow the mines to be decontrolled! Really, we are not sure that a decision that that particular strike was illegal would not have been the *fairest* interpretation of Clause 1 as it stands. And, since there are always extremists anxious to foment industrial discord for vague revolutionary ends, and since such extremists always carry a certain influence, which can never be exactly measured, there will always be at least an arguable case against the legality of any coal strike or any railway strike on a national scale.

Can this objection be met by amendments in Committee? We can think of amendments which would reduce the ambiguity. For example, it would be a distinct improvement to substitute for the words "if it has any object besides the furtherance of a trade dispute . . ." some such formula as "if its *sole* or *main* object is other than the furtherance of a trade dispute. . . ." But it is not easy to see how the ambiguity can be removed altogether, consistently with meeting the purpose of the Government. To say merely "if its *sole* object is other than the furtherance of a trade dispute . . ." would raise the possibility that the device of putting forward simultaneous wage demands might legalize a general strike such as the Government seeks to prohibit. Here, indeed, we have an instance of the fundamental difficulty of Clause 1. It is, we suspect, beyond the art of draftsmen to devise

* "Trade Unionism and the Trade Unions Bill. (Williams & Norgate. 1s.)

words which will certainly prohibit what we understand by general strikes, and will certainly prohibit nothing else.

The other loophole for ambiguity lies in the words "that trade or industry." Few words are more ambiguous than "trade" and "industry." We dealt with this point at some length when the Bill was introduced. We then observed:—

"We have no idea, after the closest study of this Bill, whether it leaves the 'busmen the right to strike in support of the Underground men or not. We have no idea whether the Government intends to leave them this right or not. We very much doubt if Ministers even know which their intention is."

We are not much nearer enlightenment to-day. The only thing that has occurred to throw light upon the matter is the Government's amendment. It may be said that no purely London transport strike could be a grave enough affair to be calculated to coerce the Government. It seems probable that the courts would take this view. Probable, yes; but who will maintain that this is reasonably certain?

It is this uncertainty at every point that is the crucial defect of Clause 1, and the defect is, we fear, fundamental. Whatever amendments the Clause may undergo in Committee, it is bound to emerge in a form which leaves the courts a wide discretion in deciding whether a particular strike is legal or illegal. This is not a responsibility which ought to be thrown upon the courts, or which it is fair to throw upon them, in view of the unfortunate history of judicial decisions affecting the trade unions. For our part, if we are to prohibit general strikes at all, we should prefer to entrust the discretion to the Government of the day, and to empower it to proclaim any threatened strike illegal, just as it is now empowered to declare a State of Emergency. It is less likely, in our judgment, that such a provision would be abused than that the provisions of the Bill will be abused; and it would have the immense advantage of settling the question of illegality before the strike began.

But what could be more misplaced and perverse than this preoccupation with the legal prohibition of general strikes? What more ludicrous example could we have of guarding against unreal dangers at the expense of increasing dangers that are very real indeed? It may be an exaggeration to say that last year's experience marks the death and burial of the general strike idea. But surely nothing is more certain than that, if we see another general strike, it will be a very different affair from the last. It may be a much milder affair, say, a one-day general strike to call attention to some grievance. It may be a much grimmer affair, frankly revolutionary in aim, and conducted in such a way as to leave no room for doubt in anyone's mind that it is—under the existing law—a seditious conspiracy against the State. But, of all possibilities, none is more remote than a reproduction of the curious, confused, doubtfully legal hybrid of last May. That is never the way in which history repeats itself.

Our chief industrial danger lies not in general strikes of any type, but in ordinary strikes, strikes of the type with which Mr. Baldwin is insistent that he does not mean to interfere. It was not the brief general strike, it was the prolonged coal strike that set us back last year. The danger of further ruinous disputes of this character during the next few years is, unfortunately, not remote. And the passions stirred by the present Bill will not help to avert it.

FLYING SHIPS

THE commercial aircraft has failed so far to find a place among the vehicles which are used for the serious traffic and transaction of the world. In the carrying of tons-weight or even of passengers the aeroplane is still incapable of competing in the feeblest way with the boat, the train or the car.

And there is little hope of any notable change taking place in this state of affairs so long as aeronautical progress continues to run along existing grooves. A readjustment of ideas on the part of constructors and of air-line organizers is needed. Such readjustment might speedily lead to an amazing result. It might lead to the discovery of the true genius of air transport; to the production of a type of aircraft having certain advantages over any other vehicle for fast, long-distance voyaging.

If constructors and air-line organizers would turn their attention from the aeroplane to the large flying boat—or more nearly the *flying ship*—they might find therein a machine which would prove superior to boat, train or car. There is strong reason to suppose that the flying ship will become the serious commercial aircraft of the future.

For the flying ship could eliminate the passenger's chief complaint against air travel. A moment's examination of the passenger's point of view will reveal what this complaint is.

A person going on a long journey is influenced in his choice of vehicle by three things: safety, speed, and comfort. And it is remarkable that many who will barter their chances of safety for speed will not, on a long journey, barter their comfort for speed. By safety is meant actual safety and not that sense of security, real or illusory, which may be classified with comfort. Many regard travelling not only as a means to an end, but as an end in itself. They dislike being packed like apples in a stuffy case even if that case has wings and can save them days of voyaging.

So long as a certain easily recognized degree of safety is attained by a vehicle, the quality of next importance is comfort. And the importance of comfort increases as the length of the journey. The aeroplane has reached the necessary degree of safety, yet it remains unpopular and, for long distances, almost unused. The reason is that it is uncomfortable.

The special causes of discomfort to passengers in an aeroplane are two, noise and lack of space. In steadiness of motion the aeroplane is superior, on the average, to boat, train or car, although on occasions "bumps" are as unpleasant as a rough sea. Of the two special causes of discomfort lack of space is more objectionable than noise. Fourteen passengers are compressed into cabins suitable for only four. The cabin roof is too low and accentuates the feeling of constriction. The gangway between the rows of seats might have been designed expressly for the fashionable asparagus figure. There is no room to walk about and stretch the legs.

The knowledge that they are saving hours will not reconcile the majority of passengers to such discomforts. One, two or three hundred miles an hour are no paregoric for the strait-waistcoat seat and the coffin cabin.

Are the discomforts of present-day air-travel avoidable? The answer is Yes, but not in the aeroplane. And now we come to the crux of the problem.

The chief discomforts are attributable to lack of space. Passengers in a ship have space. They can move about, walk round the deck, play games, vary their surroundings. Moreover they live where they travel. Compare the life of an aeroplane passenger travelling, for example, between Cairo and Karachi. In the machine there is no space for living quarters, consequently, as Sir Samuel Hoare

mentioned before he flew to Delhi, every evening the traveller must leave the machine, go to a hotel or bungalow and unpack for the night. Every morning at dawn he must repack and appear punctually at a given moment on the aerodrome.

In flight he is confined to his chair. Existence for the air passenger indeed is like that for the gases in the engine cylinder, a perpetual round of compression, expansion, and exhaustion.

It is small wonder, then, that the old leisurely ways of moving about the surface of the earth remain popular and that the curve representing the annual numbers of air passengers shows no tendency to rise steeply.

It is clear that before passengers could inhabit an aircraft in comfort as they inhabit a ship, the size of aircraft would have to be enormously increased. And this axiom leads almost irresistibly to the conclusion that the world air-lines of the future will be operated by flying ships.

So far as it is possible to judge from a study of the trend of design, the aeroplane is already approaching its maximum size. The support of much greater weights on two or four wheels and a tail-skid becomes unpractical. Even if the surfaces of aerodromes were specially prepared, machines much larger than the present would require good "approaches" to them, without trees or houses. The difficulties and expense of providing sheds and of handling the machines on the ground would become great. No doubt some increase in the size of aeroplanes will be made. There are now twenty-five passenger machines, and there will probably eventually be 100 or 150 passenger machines. But the provision of that margin of space essential for comfortable living quarters even for fifty passengers seems outside the range of possibility in aeroplane design.

No such difficulties stand in the way of great size in the hydro-aeroplane (I use the term to include seaplanes and flying boats, either of which might develop into the flying ships of the future). The hydro-aeroplane offers a solution to the problem of providing air passengers with elbow-room.

Even now flying boats are built far larger than land-going aeroplanes. And there is no great difficulty in handling large flying boats. They can be moored almost anywhere in sheltered waters; and their sea-aerodrome, although its surface may often be bad, is illimitable and is naturally laid out for them. While they are over the sea a forced landing ground is always ready in the best possible position and unbounded by houses, hedges, telegraph wires, ditches or trees.

And there is no cogent reason why much larger hydro-aeroplanes should not be built. The support of vast weights upon the surface of the water is no new problem, and the hull of the flying boat is at once its cabin and its undercarriage. The land-going aeroplane, on the other hand (excluding the Autogiro), must have its cabin perched upon some separate and, in the air, parasitical wheeled undercarriage. The support of great weights by such an undercarriage must seemingly remain difficult and undesirable.

The flying ship of the future provides opportunities for fascinating speculation. Its cabins and promenade decks, its lounges and dining saloons would resemble those of a modern liner. It would indeed be a direct descendant of the ship.

And it would ply chiefly over the ocean trade routes now served by the Mercantile Marine. It would serve the same ends in the future as British ships have served in the past. But it would have this advantage over the ship, that it could also ply over the land so long as lakes or rivers were available as aerodromes at the ports of call. The risk of forced landing would be virtually eliminated in

these large machines by the multiplication of power units. Moreover, it is the opinion of many able pilots that a forced descent on land in a flying boat is fraught with less danger than a forced descent on water in a land-going aeroplane.

Since the majority of long-distance routes, and all routes starting and ending in this country, must include a sea passage, the logical choice of air vehicle must fall on the hydro-aeroplane. But especially desirable is this choice for Britain, whose sea-borne trade is so extensive. At the best, the aeroplane can be of small commercial value to Britain compared with the large hydro-aeroplane or flying ship.

The flying ship then could carry many passengers together, it could carry them fast and it could carry them over long distances in comfort. It would possess other advantages for passenger carrying. The design of automatic landing devices for use in thick fog, for example, is simpler for hydro-aeroplanes than for aeroplanes. But the flying ship's advantage in size alone is enough to mark it out pre-eminently as the long-distance air vehicle of the future.

Much has been spoken of binding the Empire by air and of breaking down the barriers of distance by the development of commercial flying. Much has been spoken also of the importance to Britain of the ocean trade routes. Airships, whatever may be said about them, are no more than a gigantic experiment. They may fail hopelessly in peace as they failed in war. Flying boats, on the other hand, have been proved time after time, both in peace and war and by the exploits of long-distance pilots. The flying ship is a modified flying boat and, it is startlingly obvious, it would consolidate Britain's position as the centre of the world's trade.

The sea ways of the world meet at Britain's door. And this central position, as it is shown in Mr. George Bowles's book* of that name, is "The Strength of England." When the air age dawns that strength will remain unimpaired only if England has seized upon and developed the flying ship.

OLIVER STEWART.

AT ST. STEPHEN'S LAWYERS AT PLAY

(BY OUR PARLIAMENTARY CORRESPONDENT.)

A BRIEF interlude has been occupied by estimates, between the furious debate of four days on the Trade Unions Bill last week, and the entry into the committee stage of the Bill for the examination of some three hundred amendments already on the paper. Everyone can now see that in Parliament or in the country this Bill and its subsequent reverberations are to dominate the whole political situation and perhaps change the future of political history.

More and more as one hears the argument prolonged, the chief impulse is not discussion of whether any particular clause or phrase is meaningless or injurious, but the question why, in heaven's name, the Government did not leave the whole wretched thing alone? What public or private advantage did they expect to get from it, either for their Party, or for the nation, or for the Empire? Having defended the vital phrases of the first clause for four days, in a second reading debate, they now propose so completely to transform that clause by a Government amendment as to make it a different Bill. The whole thing appears, in historic phrase, like "a sword in the hands of a madman," or like a motor-car driven by a drunken driver over a precipice into the sea.

But I must recollect that my subject is not criticism but description of Parliamentary debate. I have been

* Methuen. 8s. 6d.

astonished at the divergence between the comment of great and normally fair newspapers and the realities of the discussion in the chamber. Thus one well-known London daily paper describes the passing of the second reading as being carried out amid scenes unparalleled in living memory, promoted by Labour representatives. I heard nearly all the speeches during the four days' discussion, and enjoyed myself, especially when the lawyers were speaking. Their combination of heroics and histrionics is always welcome to anyone with a sense of humour. I would indeed prefer Bentham's statement that he loved "everything that had four legs," and also "most that had two," to perhaps his more sweeping comment that "the most hopeless of reforms would be to raise a thoroughbred English lawyer to the moral level of an ordinary man." But when I heard one lawyer announce that his blood boiled at a narration of a trade-union quarrel, and another that "as I listened, I almost literally shuddered to think that words so dreadful could be used of a fellow worker," I realized, and the House of Commons realized, that we were dealing not with the Mother of Parliaments but with appeals to a common or special jury. And the blood of the one would have boiled at the same temperature, and the almost literal shuddering would have occurred in the case of the other if they had been briefed by the other side to advance exactly contrary arguments. When newspapers say that the scenes were unparalleled, they are either deliberately or unconsciously talking nonsense. The Labour Party has not even learnt the A B C of obstruction, invective and insolence; as practised, for example, by the Conservatives during the passing of the Parliament Act or the Home Rule Bill. It is true that Mr. Beckett called the Prime Minister a liar and was promptly suspended for so doing. But I have seen Mr. Asquith, when Prime Minister, not only called a liar, but shouted down, with every personal, coarse and vulgar insult by the "gentlemen of England," many of whom he had entertained at his own house. Last week interruptions were confined to a very few. They were in part excited by speakers lacking in that Parliamentary skill which makes interruptions impossible. And during the whole week's debate the Front Labour Opposition Bench looked as if they were sitting without "intimidation" in a lady's drawing-room, waiting for the coming of cakes and tea.

I do not mind tendentious matter in leading articles written by men whom Mr. Belloc has unkindly described as "the unfortunate cowards" who write for the syndicated Press. But I have been surprised, in reading over the descriptions of the debate, to see how much tendentious matter seems to have crept into the actual description of Parliament, which should be as impartial an account as that of a cup-tie final or a race meeting. Therefore I will try and summarize the effect of speakers apart from the cause which they were arguing.

The Conservative side suffered enormously, as I have said, from their cause being entrusted almost entirely to the hands of lawyers. There was the Attorney-General who opened. There was the Solicitor-General who wound up. There was Sir Robert Horne, as an Independent member who desires no legal office, who spoke with skill and ability. And there was a litter of minor members of the legal profession, who desire to become Solicitor-Generals and Attorney-Generals, when the present occupants of the offices pass to their appointed place. No one advocated the Bill who could be termed a captain of industry or a great leader in the world of commerce and trade. Mr. Winston Churchill, their only orator, was apparently kept quiet and his rhetoric reserved for the subsequent meeting of Dames of the Primrose League in the Albert Hall. He might have been shouted down, but at least he would have brightened the discussion with some human arguments. And the same applies to the Minister of Labour, whose department is chiefly concerned with these matters; who, with no pretence to oratory, has been often accused and suspected of interest in social reform and the welfare of the working classes. It is true that the Prime Minister himself intervened in the debate. The newspapers have been kind about his performance; and Mr. Philip Snowden and Mr. Lloyd George who followed him were also kind and almost generous. Mr. Baldwin is a sick man, sick in body and far more sick in mind. As you read his utterances,

of almost transparent sincerity, you can realize how all the fine dreams and impulses with which he entered almost as dictator with an unprecedented majority nearly three years ago, of uniting class with class; of helping the under dog; of bettering the condition of the poor; are "petering out." And so you can realize also that the introduction of a Bill which will split England from top to bottom and to which he himself was opposed has caused a kind of sick disgust to enter into his soul.

Mr. Philip Snowden's speech stands out, of course, as the dominant feature of the debate. He has never spoken better in his life, nor indeed has any better speech been made in any Parliament since the war; as Mr. Lloyd George most generously testified. It was a speech of amazing courage, for he laid down principles to which half of his own party behind him were opposed. But he completely cowed into a kind of uneasy silence the ranks of the dominant Tories in front of him; many of whom began, I think, for the first time to realize that they had made a mistake in pressing forward this Bill, and that larger issues were opened by it than the mere jolly and trivial work of clapping trade unionists into gaol or bankrupting trade-union political funds. There was indeed a long and obscure controversy with Sir John Simon, who constantly interrupted; which the House found difficult to follow; mainly, it seemed, concerned with electioneering, in the delectable adjacent Colne and Spen Valleys in Yorkshire. Here each speaker finds himself in an exactly similar position; for if a Communist stands in the first, Mr. Snowden is defeated; and if a Conservative stands in the second, Sir John Simon will be temporarily absent from Parliament. But at the end he rose to the height of a great argument, as in words more nearly resembling eloquence than the House of Commons is accustomed to hear he asserted that this action of the Government in declaring war against the trade unionists had rendered vain and impossible the effort of all those who, like himself, had always been opposed to industrial war and in favour of peace. He sat down amid such applause, hand claps, and enthusiasm as I have not seen for nearly a decade.

Such an oration was not, of course, possible for Mr. Lloyd George, who spoke for a divided party and after his chief lieutenant, Sir John Simon (Mr. Runciman, who is fiercely opposed to the Bill, being away at Geneva), had, though criticizing terminology and phrases, on the whole come down from the fence in favour of the principles of the Bill and seemed to regard the time as apposite for its introduction. Mr. Lloyd George's whole contention was that whether the Bill was good or bad the time was wholly inapposite for its introduction. He tore to pieces the wretched Douglas Hogg's attack on the Liberals in his statement that they were putting political expediency very high and political honesty very low. Sir Douglas Hogg had preferred, in the matter of the tariff, political expediency to political honesty, and that was the only reason, Mr. Lloyd George cheerfully declared, that he occupied the position of Attorney-General. In fact, there was not much left of the maladroit declamation of that pleasant and popular lawyer at the end. Miss Ellen Wilkinson was perhaps responsible for the wittiest query of the whole proceedings. She asserted that under the new Bill (and, incredible as it seems, this is the actual law proposed) a woman could be put into prison for calling a man a black-leg. "O well," replied the woman in her constituency to whom she had been talking, "that does not matter, we will call him a Douglas Hogg." "That raises a very interesting point," she continued with an appearance of seriousness. "Suppose a bench of magistrates were dealing with a striker who called a blackleg a Douglas Hogg, would the magistrates decide that this was a term of ridicule or contempt?" The answer remained conjectural. If this be a term of ridicule or contempt, the man or woman who used it would immediately be clapped into gaol. But if it is not, it is quite as easy to use it in working-class districts, instead of the word blackleg, as a paraphrase instead of an insult.

This is one example of clauses and phrases, in a Bill which seems to have been born in a home of the mentally deficient and drafted by half-crazy lawyers in a lunatic asylum. It is absurd for Labour to call it an Employers'

Bill, for every employer I have met is against it; and some of the great captains of industry only refuse to speak out, as they have told me, because they are afraid, if the Bill is attacked, the Government may fall and a Socialist Government be substituted for it. The rank and file of the Tories seem to be as confident that this is an electoral asset as they were confident of the electoral asset of Tariff Reform seventeen years ago. "And which of the twain is best," as Socrates once observed, "God alone knows."

LIFE AND POLITICS

THERE is much lobby and club talk about the prospects of a general election this year. It was started apparently in the form of ingenious glosses upon recent utterances of Lord Birkenhead, which amounted to nothing more than brave declarations of the willingness of the Government to go to the country on the Trade Unions Bill. For myself I should have described this as the courage of a man who is defying the enemy from a safe place. I should have thought that all the good arguments were for the Government running the full course and all the bad ones against it. An appeal to the country on the Bill, at a time when the Liberal Party is still weak, looks to me like asking Labour for the knock-out blow. The reasoning on the other side seems to run somewhat as follows. Incredible as it may seem the Tory organizers are convinced that the Bill will prove popular in the country; even with a fairly large section of the workers who in their belief are disillusioned about the Unions and will be glad to break away. It is said that the original intention of the Cabinet was to bring in a harmless declaration of the illegality of a general strike, and that it was the result of representations from the Tory organizers that screwed them up to attacking the Unions. Those who talk in this way hold that should the Conservatives win the two pending by-elections a general election in the autumn is quite possible. The Government would be glad to get to the country before Mr. Churchill's 1928 Budget reveals the nakedness of the land; and further, it is suggested that they are not at all convinced, professions to the contrary notwithstanding, that the so-called "flapper vote" will help them at the polls.

As I listened to Mr. Churchill haranguing the Primrose Dames in the Albert Hall a few days since I could not help contrasting the Churchill of to-day with the Churchill of fifteen or twenty years ago. I remembered those wonderful speeches in the famous by-election in Central Manchester; powerful in expression and full of a generous passion for reform. The speeches of that time were probably the best that were made in the days of the great Liberal revival. Phrases from them have lingered in my mind to this day, in the same way that lines of good poetry refuse to be forgotten. I do not wish to make a party point, but it was pathetically clear to me as I heard the pompously worded ill-feeling of the Albert Hall speech that virtue has gone out of him. I can imagine the gleeful scorn with which the Churchill of the past would have dismissed the performances of the Churchill of the present. It is, I think, not far short of a spiritual tragedy that the man who could once stir all men of goodwill with the best reforming speeches made since John Bright should be found lading out cheap anti-Socialist vitriol to the Primrose League. In the old days Mr. Churchill had something better to do with his tongue than to bestow it in his cheek.

It is from Americans of my acquaintance that I have heard the most caustic comments on the Mellon apologia.

The notion that a letter written to a professor is to be distinguished in the matter of publicity from a State paper strikes them as amusing. One friend suggests as the theme of a cartoon Mr. Mellon sitting anxiously inditing his letter, with "Am I overheard?" proceeding balloon-like from his mouth. The artist should depict the author surrounded on all sides by eager and hard-working propagandists, journalists, and broadcasters. I see that Mr. Garvin suggests apparently in the interests of diplomatic deportment that Mr. Churchill ought to have imitated Mr. Mellon, and dispatched his reply to some convenient professor on this side. It seems to me that Mr. Churchill was wise to take no risks about it. The propagandists on the other side might not be so ready to oblige if it were merely the case of broadcasting a private letter from a British Minister. In a competition in publicity it is as well not to rely on the good offices of your opponents. Americans in London—who seem in exile to acquire a pleasing willingness to look at things from the angle of the British Isles—are, I find, outspoken in a way I should not venture upon in discussing the famous typist's error—the omission of the words "excluding Great Britain." I should not dream of drawing conclusions about the renowned American efficiency from that incident. Americans I know in the ease of club conversation do all that is necessary.

I celebrated Lord Rosebery's eightieth birthday by an appreciative re-reading of his brilliant monograph of Pitt. The little book is a model of sympathetic portraiture; Lord Rosebery's touch is so human that even the austere impersonal Pitt comes alive. The book is a masterpiece of literary economy. There may have been words to spare in Lord Rosebery's, as in all, speeches; this book is eminent for its neat precision. "By a strange accident he became the leader of the nobility; but they supported him on their necks, for his foot was there." Lord Rosebery excels in the wit of condensed statement. I am inclined to think that this is the best book written by a Prime Minister. It is soaked in the preservative of style, and will be read when the statesman is perhaps no more than a vague memory. His passage across the stage of great events was too short and troubled to leave a lasting mark. His personality has become almost legendary to the post-war generation. Though he is declining in health he is still happily very much alive, and, as his friends report, witty and delightful as a host in his retirement.

The Bishop of London has never been a speaker of smooth things. His courage is beyond question, and it is this that more than anything has earned him his immense popularity. It is refreshing to hear that while on his world tour he mingled with well-deserved appreciation some straight talking to the Dominions on the subject of immigration. It was too much for the good Bishop to be told, as he was by a citizen in Auckland, that "having got a beautiful land, the people wanted to keep it to themselves." This and the other citizens had to hear some home truths about national selfishness from the pulpit. When he got to Canada and was advocating the aims of the Church of England Settlement Society, a Canadian said to him: "You can send as many serfs as you like to cultivate the land. Our young people do not mean to do it." This also provoked some straight talking. In Australia the Bishop found, as he says, that "immigration is not encouraged"—the ideal is not merely a White Australia, but a White Australian's Australia. Once more our Bishop met this exclusive spirit with the protest it deserves. Nothing is more nauseous than the cant of Empire which hides every

ugly fact under a varnish of rhetoric. The Bishop of London is not the man to play that meaningless game.

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The late Samuel Langford was in some ways the most original of the group of writers on the arts whose work counts for so much in the reputation of the *MANCHESTER GUARDIAN*. He was original even in his appearance, which suggested a Socrates who had been bred in Germany. He was Socratic in his passion for metaphysical disputation; his mind had been moulded into beauty by his early saturation in German music. He was with all this a characteristic product of the Lancashire soil, and I do not think he was ever happy in London, which, as he wrote in *Manchester*, naturally knew little or nothing of his work. Langford came late into musical criticism. I doubt whether he had written anything before he was forty, and he followed in the succession two critics who were not only learned in music, but who were masters of writing. Langford hammered out his instrument for himself with infinite toil. He owed nothing to anyone else either in ideas or style. His note as a critic of music was his sensitive receptivity to beauty whether in new or in familiar forms. He never took the short cut to effectiveness which censure opens before the critic in a hurry. He took endless pains to find pleasure and to express it. There was always evident in his work the close contact of a mind with the essence of the thing in hand, and if in his wrestling with language he was sometimes thrown, he often produced prose of a singular freshness and originality.

* * *

In any photograph of Central London taken from the air—an admirable example has been produced as an Under-ground poster—one's eye is at once caught by the Foundling Hospital. With its fine forecourt and flanking squares, the whole neatly and pleasingly arranged in a cruciform pattern, the area stands out of the surrounding jumble of houses as a symbol of eighteenth-century order in the chaos of modern London. Beecham's Estates and Pills, Ltd., despairing of getting Parliamentary sanction for the "development" of the whole area, are now trying to sell the Foundling Hospital alone. The position seems to be fairly hopeless, for who is likely to find a sum not far short of a million pounds simply to save one of London's most beautiful relics of the past? All that may be reasonably hoped is that the County Council Town Planning Committee may find some way of preventing the complete ruin of the place. The controversy has been a sad object-lesson of the complete helplessness of London as a community to save its possessions—heritages which, until the owners sell them, are assumed by everyone to be inalienable. Even the loss of the Foundling may do good if Parliament is at last startled into action. It would be quite easy to extend the existing law so as to shield such old masterpieces of town-planning from destruction. In this instance there is an especial bitterness in the reflection that the pass has been sold by a Charity which in the past received large grants of public money, and which certainly was not in such need as to justify surrendering a semi-public possession to the highest bidder, without any guarantee against common commercial exploitation.

* * *

The anxiety about Mr. Baldwin's health is greater than has been openly expressed. He is unquestionably a very tired man, and his resignation would not be surprising. Many people think that he will not be able to stay the course. In the clubs the choice of his successor has become a popular, if rather unfeeling, after-dinner game. I do not propose to take a hand; I hope very much that Mr. Baldwin will recover his strength. In this connection I may repeat, on no authority whatever, a rumoured conversation

between Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill. Mr. George was commenting on the apparent inability of leading men to stand the strain, and he instanced with sympathy the cases of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. MacDonald. "You and I, Winston, are more fortunate." "Yes," replied Mr. Churchill, "but we like it." **KAPPA.**

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE POLITICAL LEVY

SIR,—Several letters have appeared recently in *THE NATION* with reference to the Government's proposals on the Political Levy, and it appears to me that people are so obsessed with the idea that this is purely a "Socialist" levy that they fail to see what will be the practical result of the proposals.

The Government seem to think that they can secure freedom (?) for the worker by substituting a word of two letters, "in," for the larger one of "out"; on the face of it a very simple alteration, but in effect it smashes entirely the 1913 Act passed by the Liberal Party.

This Act gave to the trade unions the right to use certain of their funds for prescribed political purposes, and allowed those who did not believe in political action the right to "contract out." There is no need to pass a law to allow members of a voluntary association to "contract in" to a political fund; any body of people can do this—in fact, the Liberal Party prides itself on raising a good deal of money by small annual subscriptions from members of the Liberal Association, and the Prime Minister himself in the House the other day refused to interfere in the way parties raise and administer their funds. Yet this same man is lending his support to a Bill which, in effect, says, "You may raise a voluntary fund for political purposes, but you must only use it in the way laid down in the 1913 Act." Is this consistent?

The clause may be aimed at the finances of the Labour Party, but its result may be to prevent the unions taking political action as a body.

Under our present system, where industrial conditions are often fixed by Parliament, it is necessary that unions should be able to take such action. Would the advocates of "contracting in" be willing to agree that any benefits accruing should only apply to those who paid the levy? The suggestion is farcical; the unions, to have effective influence, must speak for the whole of the members. This does not mean that they need be tied to one particular party. The National Union of Teachers is a powerful union, which has many times taken effective political action, but they are not allied to any party.

The trade unionist has a right which is not given to any other member of an association which takes political action—he may "contract out." Many active Liberals prefer to pay the small amounts, usually about 1s. per year, and retain their right to a voice in the control and management of the fund and the policy of the union.

This new clause will mean that the levy in future will be collected for Socialist purposes, and the influence which these Liberals and others who attend branch meetings have had will be entirely destroyed.

The attack is welcomed by such men as Mr. Cook, who realize that it will be necessary to approach each member individually, and those men who do subscribe will feel closer in touch with the Socialists and be more sure to vote for them when the election comes along.

Legislation will not remedy the abuses in this matter. The trade unions have home rule, it is up to the individualist in the unions to take his share of the responsibility and not leave it to the extremists (who are actually, as well as theoretically, a "minority" in the movement) to be the only people present at the branch meeting and so apparently the only people interested. Then and only then will the unions take their proper place in the industrial and political life of the nation.—Yours, &c., **L. W. TAYLOR.**

157, Lordship Lane,
Wood Green, N.22.

May 8th, 1927.

\$4.86 AND 4s.

SIR,—In your reply to my letter which you publish in your current issue, you make one remark which you evidently consider to be pre-eminently reasonable, if not axiomatic. "Surely," you say, "if it were not for questions of historic sentiment and financial prestige, we should all agree that the desirable thing was to secure the exchange level which was best adapted to our level of prices and money wages."

This, I think, goes to the root of the difference that separates us. This which you term "the desirable thing" would seem to me to be simply placing the cart before the horse. Were we an entirely self-contained people the matter would be different: then indeed, for all practical purposes there would be no foreign exchange, and if there were one it would not matter at what level it stood since there would be no foreign trade. But it would appear to me that the purpose of an exchange at a given level should be to bring into correlation external, not internal, trading factors; and that therefore it is prices and money wages that should be adapted to the rate of exchange.

I do not wish to be thought to imply that there is anything magical or virtuous in an exchange of \$4.86. I have no objection to a \$4.40 exchange—the only exchange I do object to is a \$4.40 exchange that pretends to be a \$4.86 one. I only want our exchange to rest on some internationally accepted medium such as gold—and if at \$4.40, then let us multiply our pounds by eighteen instead of twenty to find out how many shillings they contain. I see no special virtue in \$4.86 except that it means we can keep our twenty shillings in the £1 and still be on a gold basis; but I am afraid I do see a very distinct vice in a sovereign which pretends to be twenty shillings at home, but which has to drop the bluff as soon as it leaves our shores and confess that its worth is nearer eighteen shillings.

In conclusion, I observe (though the point is comparatively unimportant) that you fail to see why I regard as astounding your statement "that the export trades are suffering more from \$4.86 than from a four-shilling income tax."

Had you said "as much" in place of "more," I should merely have been considerably surprised. As it was I must confess I was astounded that you should regard the withdrawal of a 10 per cent. export bounty (such as a \$4.40 exchange gave to some of our export trades) as being more injurious to our exports as a whole than a positive burden of 20 per cent. (e.g., four-shilling income tax).

However, I am glad to find there are certain points on which we are in entire agreement.—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE BRYANS.

Magdalene College, Cambridge.
May 9th, 1927.

[Mr. Bryans writes as though income tax meant that a business paid four shillings on every £1 of its turnover. Only so could his naive quantitative comparison be justified. A rise of 10 per cent. on the exchange means that an exporting business must either charge its foreign customers more, or receive 10 per cent. less in sterling on all that it sells abroad—a change big enough to convert a comfortable profit into a heavy loss. In other words, its effect on exporting business is rather like that of a two-shilling turnover tax, subject to the deduction that must be made for cheaper imported materials. Income tax cannot possibly convert a profit into a loss. It falls to be paid only when profits are made, and only in proportion to those profits. It need have no effect on the selling price of goods. Would any businessman regard a tax on turnover of two shillings, or even one shilling, in the £ as a lighter burden?—ED., NATION.]

THE RATE OF INTEREST ON SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

SIR,—I notice that in your last issue Mr. Enoch Hill states that the present rate of interest on National Savings Certificates "very nearly approaches 5 per cent. per annum." He further adds that "this rate is in striking contrast to the ordinary current rates upon Savings Banks deposits, varying from 2½ per cent. to 3 per cent."

(Incidentally, the Birmingham Municipal Bank allow 3½ per cent. on all deposits and the Trustee Savings Banks 3½ per cent. on special deposits).

Now, the rate of interest on the present issue of National Savings Certificates works out at 4.14 per cent. (yearly rests). Further, should the certificate be withdrawn before the expiration of ten years a lesser rate is payable. At the end of the sixth year, for instance, the yield only amounts to 3.79 per cent.

In my view there is no reason why the British Government should pay working-class investors of £400,000,000 in National Savings Certificates a lesser rate of interest than is paid to banks, insurance companies, and other concerns who provide the greater part of the national debt. The present disparity between what an investor in National Savings Certificates gets for his capital and the return obtainable from Government stocks (a difference of, say, ½ per cent. to 1 per cent.), represents, I feel, a fair charge for the shorter maturities and smaller amounts of the Savings Certificates.

On the more general content of Mr. Hill's letter, one may add that rates of interest cannot be fixed by Governmental decree. They are a matter of supply and demand, the relation borne by annual accretions to all previous capital saved, and many other economic factors. Is it not generally admitted that the working-class individual who has had the hardihood to lay aside a sum of £100 in these degenerate days should receive (at least) a return of 4.14 per cent. per annum for his abstinence?—Yours, &c.,

S. TYLDESLEY,
Cert. A.I.B.

255, Broom Lane, Levenshulme, Manchester.
May 10th, 1927.

DIVORCE AND ANNULMENT

SIR,—If only Mr. Belloc could see my marked copy of his book, I think he would acquit me of judging it at second hand. I chose only one sentence for detailed comment, because one seemed enough.

The distinction in later Catholic philosophy between annulment and divorce has long been familiar to me; I alluded to it nineteen years ago in a book called "Chaucer and his England." But Mr. Belloc's generalization on p. 22 is not confined to philosophers; he writes of, as he writes to, the public in general; and therefore I was careful to begin with a qualification which he takes the liberty of ignoring: "In the sense in which the ordinary reader would take these words, they are very far from the truth." A reference to the "O. E. D." will show him not only that the word "divorce" nowadays is "often used in the widest sense; hence, including . . . the pronouncing of a marriage to have been invalid from the beginning," but also that mediæval folk constantly wrote "divorce" where strict canon lawyers would have told them to write "annulment." If the idea was so abhorrent as Mr. Belloc fancies, why did they so often make this uncalled-for use of the word? Let us take the answer from Léon Gautier, as zealous a Catholic as Mr. Belloc, only incomparably better read. "Here [in the form of 'annulment'] was a revival, under pious and canonical forms, of the ancient practice of divorce." The change of words did not alter the facts. If a Bolshevik, taking all I have, explains that confiscation is to him "an idea abhorrent," but that, by decision of a Soviet court, I am adjudged never to have been lawful owner of this stuff, and that protests against pillage come only from "people as ignorant as I am of Bolshevik philosophy and Russian thought," then I feel that he is adding insult to injury.

The real question is—How frequently in the Middle Ages did husbands get rid of wives, or wives of husbands? and here Mr. Belloc is hopelessly out of his depth. Let us take a modern analogy. A writer, dabbling in American history, discovers the Volstead Act. He therefore writes, on p. 22, "The drinking of intoxicants was an idea abhorrent." In p. 23 he slightly qualifies this. Prohibition "was a practice abused, and it is, indeed, abused to this day; but it was not in contradiction at all with the doctrine [of a Dry America], and in practice, as in theory, the United States felt [the Volstead Act] to be inviolable." These, *mutatis*

mutandis, are Mr. Belloc's words. Would not a reviewer be entitled to denounce them as nonsense, and to support his criticisms by quoting the admissions of Americans as to the actual practices which went on behind this façade of legal theory? If Erasmus deplored the frequency of "divorces," and wished that the State would take the whole matter out of priestly hands, this was because he was familiar with things which are ignored by modern writers of "Catholic History."—Yours, &c., G. G. COULTON.

St. John's College, Cambridge.
May 7th, 1927.

SIR,—Will you allow one of those "people as ignorant as Dr. Coulton is of Catholic philosophy and mediæval thought" to address to the learned Mr. Belloc with due humility a simple question on a point that has much bewildered him? This it is: Is a marriage contracted between Protestants invalid *ab initio* if, when so contracted, it has failed to fulfil conditions made essential to its validity by the authority of the Roman Church? If not, why was the marriage between the Duke of Marlborough and Miss Vanderbilt—both at that time Protestants—invalid from the beginning? But if so, does Mr. Belloc hold that marriage between Protestant cousins—e.g., between Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort—is no marriage, and at any time annulable?—Yours, &c., F. C. HOLLAND.

Hillside House, West Horsley, Surrey.

RECREATIONS

SIR,—One of the things which has always puzzled me is the tendency for people to be secretly proud of doing things badly.

Mr. Aldous Huxley, in his article, makes some amusing comments on people who take ski-ing seriously:—

"Admirable is the industry of the Telemarkers and the skaters, magnificent the daring of the bob-sleigh racers and ski-jumpers, worthy of better causes the courageous endurance of the mountaineers. I admire, but I feel not the slightest desire to emulate, their achievements. Content, if I can enjoy myself, to ski quite badly, unambitious of becoming an expert, I go out sliding for an hour or two each afternoon in search of health and landscapes. The idea of working like a galley-slave, training like a circus performer, risking life and limb like a soldier—all in the name of recreation—does not appeal to me. Still less does the idea of standing or sitting about, watching other people do these things. The truth is, I am afraid, that I lack the sporting spirit."

This public profession of sorrow at his failure to excel in ski-ing is, of course, merely the polite literary mask for his secret satisfaction. Chesterfield has some shrewd remarks about people "who confess themselves into all the cardinal virtues by first degrading them into weaknesses, and then owning their misfortune in being made up of those weaknesses." Mr. Huxley may profess to admire the industrious ski-runner, but in fact, he despises him. He pretends to great grief for his lack of sporting spirit. In very truth, he rejoices in his immunity from that infection.

Apply the Huxley argument to writing, in which he excels. One of those ski-runners, whom he despises, may be in the habit of sending back to his aunt brief snappy letters about his travels in Switzerland or Tirol. These letters will bear the same relation to Mr. Huxley's brilliant travel sketches that Mr. Huxley's Telemarks bear to the Telemarks of the finished performer. Suppose our putative ski-runner were to say:—

"Admirable is the industry of Mr. Huxley, devoting hours to the research of the *mot juste*, the phrase which will conjure up in a few pregnant words the whole essence of a view. I admire, but I feel not the slightest desire to emulate his achievement. Content, if I can enjoy myself, to write badly, unambitious of becoming an expert, I sit down sliding my pen over the paper every afternoon in the hope of giving a little pleasure to you, my dear Aunt. The idea of working like a galley-slave all in the name of literature does not appeal to me. Still less does the idea of sitting down reading other people's writings. The truth is, I am afraid, I lack the literary spirit."

Mr. Huxley would detect the tailless fox in this confession; for Mr. Huxley happens to be a brilliant writer, and knows that whereas writing badly is no fun, to write well affords him satisfaction.

In conclusion, let me assure Mr. Huxley that his case is not desperate. Like Mr. Huxley, I am naturally unathletic, but I have managed to acquire some little efficiency in ski-ing, and I can assure him that the æsthetic pleasures which he would derive from Tirolean snow-scapes would be even more intense if he viewed them from approximately the vertical rather than from the intermittently horizontal position.—Yours, &c., ARNOLD LUNN.

5, Endsleigh Gardens, W.C.1.

May 2nd, 1927.

THE ORCHESTRAL MUDDLE

SIR,—I read the article in your number of April 23rd by Dr. A. Eaglefield Hull. I have not the same means of becoming aware of the facts concerning the "Orchestral Muddle" as he appears to have. However, there seem to me certain facts which should be more frankly faced.

Dr. Eaglefield Hull points out that there will always be crises in London orchestral affairs "until we boldly, firmly, and unitedly set to work to put our house in order." It therefore seems that the first thing to do is to get to know what our "house" is really like, and then "boldly, firmly, and unitedly" set to work to put it in order, or, alternatively, to build another house on new foundations.

Dr. Hull regards a subsidy from the Government as unlikely after last year's "surprising deficit." A farthing on the rates in the County of London, he points out, would put the Queen's Hall Orchestra on a sound basis. But this proposal he also dismisses as unlikely. Finally, he advocates the collection by some body of half a million pounds in single one pound subscriptions from 500,000 people all over the country. The control of the fund is apparently to be given to Sir Henry Wood, who will place himself "at the head of a provisional committee (he may be sure of adequate support)." Further, "Sir Henry has proved his broad-mindedness in desiring that the remainder of such a fund should be utilized for a subsidy to the three chief orchestras which now play in the Hall (the Queen's Hall Orchestra, the London Symphony Orchestra, and the Royal Philharmonic)."

It is true that three orchestras do play in London, but does not the membership of at least two of them seriously overlap? And can it be said that any one of these three orchestras is a first-rate orchestra, or would be considered as such in America, Germany, or France?

The following seem to me, as an "outsider," to be the important facts in the present situation, and most of them appear not to have been frankly faced by Dr. Eaglefield Hull in his article (I am not familiar with what he may have written elsewhere on the subject):—

1. There is no first-rate English orchestra in London.
2. The actions of the Ministry of Labour and the Musicians' Trade Union prevent Englishmen listening to first-rate foreign orchestras.

3. The fact that musicians are poorly paid and frequently belong to more than one orchestra often makes it necessary for them to pay substitutes at rehearsals. This is sufficient to prevent any orchestra in London becoming first-rate until the difficulties have been overcome.

4. The L.C.C. is not a municipal authority, but a County Council. It is incompetent to consider the London musical problem both on account of its standing orders and its personnel. As "Kappa" recently pointed out, it lately referred the question to its "Parks, Smallholdings, and Allotments Committee"!

5. There is only one suitable hall in London for orchestral concerts, and that is a monopoly of Mr. William Boosey, who has not the enterprise to make it pay as a centre for first-class music.

It seems to me that in the present crisis the L.C.C. might be urged to do one thing—to acquire the Queen's Hall. It could be alleged on many grounds that it is desirable that London should possess at least one public hall. In time this body might be induced to take further action as the result of such a purchase.

But at present it appears to me natural that the mediocre orchestras should disappear. Under Protection, London

music is suffering from lack of foreign competition. In the last few years Sir Henry Wood has not had a real chance to prove to London that he is a good conductor. When these orchestras and moribund institutions have disappeared, music-lovers will have a clear field in which they and the patrons of music can work "boldly, firmly, and unitedly," to secure the kind of musicianship which they now wish to hear or for which they would be prepared to pay.—Yours, &c.,

R. G. RANDALL.

171, Fulham Road, S.W.3.

OUR MALTHUSIAN MIDDLE CLASSES

SIR,—Regarding Miss Vera Brittain's idea that, on eugenic and other grounds, conditions should somehow be altered so that young middle-class couples could afford to have four children, I beg to submit several considerations. (1) It is certainly a dreadful calamity to lose an only son in war, but the more the birth-rate falls in all countries the less is the likelihood of war. (2) Except for war, the chance of parents of small families losing any children is slight. It is so slight that if every ten couples had twenty-six births a population would be maintained if there were no emigration. So, if middle-class couples had four children the couples in the other classes would require to have much less than four in order to prevent the total birth-rate being excessive. (3) The more the birth-rate falls among the poorest classes the better able will be the middle-class couples to afford four children. It may in every civilized country become a rule that the couples in the poorest third

of the population do not have more than one child, and then Miss Vera Brittain's idea could be realized.—Yours, &c.,
171, Queen's Gate, S.W.7.
B. DUNLOP, M.B.
May 7th, 1927.

[Has Dr. Dunlop in his calculations allowed for the facts that not all people marry, and that many married couples are involuntarily childless?—ED., THE NATION.]

ANTI-VIVISECTION

SIR,—I have at last received my son David's comments on the protest of his self-appointed protectors, the "English Branch of the World League against Vivisection," against my monstrous inhumanity to him at the Christmas Lectures at the Royal Institution. They are concise, and explain it all: "Thank you very much for the letters and cuttings you sent me, the one were (*sic*) they thought I was an animal was very good." If they had realized he was a boy, no doubt they would have rejoiced in my cruelty.—Yours, &c.,

A. V. HILL.

Ithaca, New York.

TCHEKHOV'S WORKS

SIR,—I wish to apologize to Messrs. Chatto & Windus for my inadvertence. My impression was that Mrs. Constance Garnett's translation comprised only a selection from Tchekhov's tales, but I should have verified this before making a definite statement.—Yours, &c.,

BARRINGTON GATES.

ONE IMPULSE FROM A VERNAL WOOD

By JOHN BERESFORD.

THE poem of Wordsworth from which this line comes is certainly not one of his best. Nevertheless, this poem, with its jejune title of "The Tables Turned," and its immediate predecessor, "Expostulation and Reply," are notable for another reason: they convey with almost prosaic plainness and brevity what is perfectly conveyed in the longest and best poems—Wordsworth's philosophy of Nature, his belief that Nature was the nurse, the soul of all his moral being.

But one of Wordsworth's most eminent and relatively modern admirers thought all this was nonsense. "It is best," says Lord Morley, in the fine essay which he wrote as an introduction to Macmillan's complete edition of the Poems of 1888, "to be entirely sceptical as to the existence of system and ordered philosophy in Wordsworth. When he tells us that 'one impulse from a vernal wood may teach you more of man, of moral evil and of good, than all the sages can,' such a proposition cannot be seriously taken as more than a half-playful sally for the benefit of some too bookish friend. No impulse from a vernal wood can teach us anything at all of moral evil and of good."

Lord Morley is quite categorical: first there is probably no Wordsworthian system at all, and, secondly, any system which suggests that Nature—or an impulse from a vernal wood—can teach us anything of moral evil and of good is, in effect, absurd.

We suspect that Lord Morley was deliberately being a little perverse; but we also rather suspect that with his intensely rational mind he failed to apprehend what that divine flame was which lighted Wordsworth throughout his poetical pilgrimage. The extraordinary thing is that, despite this failure to appreciate the essence of Wordsworth, Lord Morley should, nevertheless, have so profoundly admired him.

That Wordsworth was pre-eminently a poet with a system, or a philosophic poet, is so obvious, and so gener-

ally accepted, that we must regard Lord Morley's scepticism on the point as simply eccentric. But a number of rational people would probably agree with Lord Morley in the view that whether Wordsworth had a system or not, any system which led to a belief in the moral power of Nature, of Nature as a teacher of moral things, is more or less fanciful. Let us, therefore, consider this question.

Wordsworth himself is emphatic, and in the two short poems already named goes out of his way to present his view in quite challenging terms. In the first poem he represents himself as found seated on a stone dreaming his time away. This annoys Matthew (presumably his schoolmaster), who chides William for wasting his time, for neglecting those books which alone can convey the wisdom of past ages to the vanishing generations of men. William mildly disagrees: he thinks that there are Powers whose lessons can only be learned "in a wise passiveness." We are not told what Matthew said to this remarkable answer, which he must have regarded as a shameless excuse for sheer idleness.

Then follows the next poem. William turns the tables on Matthew, and finding that devoted pedagogue deep in his books, exhorts him to leave them at once, and come out into the sun now spreading its evening beams over the mountains and the fields:—

"And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher:
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

"Enough of Science and of Art;
Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives."

There the poem ends, and we are left to surmise that Matthew—or Lord Morley—was left in a state of gasping amazement.

And yet to the disciple of Wordsworth it all seems plain enough. Nor is there any excuse for failing to apprehend the reality of the poet's conviction, when it is expressed in a thousand forms in all the greatest poems, in "Tintern Abbey," in the great "Ode," in the "Prelude," and in the "Excursion." And, indeed, the doctrine is far from original: to take only a few English poets the idea of Nature as teaching moral truths is found in Vaughan, in Thomson, in Cowper, in Blake, in Coleridge. It is of the essence of the poetry of Nature; it is the first and simplest sacrament; it is as old as the hills.

"Nature is but a name for an effect whose cause is God," says Cowper in the sixth book of the "Task," and he proceeds to elaborate the theme in his own plain and beautiful way. And Coleridge, in a poem* written in 1798, the same year in which Wordsworth wrote the two short poems already discussed, rejoices to think that his child shall not be brought up in the great city:—

"But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask."

Wordsworth is original, not in being one of Nature's disciples, but in never wandering from the path: in asserting his faith in season and out of season, in good poems and bad poems, in his earliest efforts in verse, and in one of the last sonnets he wrote, when he was an old man of seventy-six.†

But Matthew, we presume, remains quite unconvinced by the long and distinguished ancestry of the Wordsworthian faith in Nature as a moral teacher. We can almost hear him saying: "It makes no difference to me: these poets are fantastic people who have strong feelings which, for some inexplicable reason, appear to become almost uncontrolled when they walk in woods, or on mountains, or in green fields: presumably the impulse comes from their own minds, and they misinterpret it as coming from outside. For my part, a primrose by the river's brim is simply a primrose and it is nothing more."

It seems to us that Matthew's attitude is really unreasonable. He appeals to books as moral teachers, and then, when challenged with the supreme creators of books, the poets, dismisses them as irrational persons. But more than that he challenges the fundamental beliefs and feelings, not only of the poets, but of the plain wayfaring men of all the ages.

It is not for nothing that man has immemorially conceived of God as walking beneath the ancient trees:—

"Calling the lapsed soul
And weeping in the evening dew,"

as being bright with the beauty of the sun, mighty and mysterious as the wind, quiet as the shepherd by the still waters; that he has associated his first happiness with the garden of Eden, and his last happiness with the river of Life winding among unwithering flowers; that the greatest sermon of all was preached from the mountain side to the murmur of brooks and the song of birds, the sermon which told men that the meek should inherit the earth, that the peace-makers should be called the sons of God, and that the pure in heart should see Him.

"THE NASTIEST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED TO ME . . ."

It was a good while ago. But I'm no use at dates. It was the day we moved into the new house. I suppose I was thirty-five and fattish. Well, anyhow, there's no good bothering about that. We moved the furniture in first. We'd only two servants then, and they wouldn't stay after dark. We were all sleeping in different places that night. Anyhow they went away and James, that's my brother, went too. Before he went he put his nose into the room where I was sorting the books, and he said:—

"I'm going now, Bella. They expect me to supper."

So I just said: "All right! I'll lock up," and I put the book about Thugs back on the shelf. I'd only dipped into it. There weren't such things in Ireland then. It was before the days of motors too. Well, anyhow, I put the book on the shelf just as I heard James's foot go scrape, scrape, scrape, as he hopped after his bicycle. Poor James, it always took him a long time to mount. I went on sorting the books, and just in a minute, it seemed, when I looked up it was dark. Somehow I didn't like it. The windows were all shut, and the back door too. I'd made the girls do that before they left. I'd only to shut the hall door behind me, lock it and go. But there was a queer listening feeling about the house. I was glad to get out of it on to the drive. Until I got there. The roads in that part of Ireland are all white, but the trees over the drive were jet black. Something seemed to give a screech of joy to get the house to itself when I banged the door. Of course, it wasn't anything, but I tell you it made me jump. I pulled the key out fast enough and started to run.

It was October. The moon was as bright as day and there was a frost. That made me stop running. My feet made too much noise; clap, clap, clap on the hard ground. Anything that heard would know just where to catch me. It was a long drive, too. Tall black trees and everything showing so plain on the white road.

"Thugs! Behind you there!" something kept saying in the back of my mind. I tell you it was a relief when I got out on to the high road.

I had two miles to go then—between walls most of the way, and as straight as a rule. Not a house to be seen. Not a living soul abroad. For the first mile my heart was in my mouth at every step. After a bit it got better. I passed a side road where I knew people lived. So I plucked up some spirit and looked behind me. That was queer. Away up the road that I had come by there was a big black patch at one side. It hadn't been there when I passed. It looked as if somebody had thrown a black cloak down against the wall. I stood in the middle of the road and stared at it. It was too far back to tell what it was. But it wasn't a shadow. There was nothing to cast one.

I started off again. I didn't look back any more. Not then. What's the good of terrifying yourself?

Then suddenly I heard steps behind me. Who was it? I had to look back that time. A girl came out of the side road and began to come towards me. Such a relief; she'd give me her company to the village. I waited for her. I wasn't afraid to look back now. All at once my heart was in my mouth again. The black cloak that lay like a shadow against the wall was stirring. It was rising to its feet. It was a long thin man, with long thin feet. He began to run after the girl. Clap, clap his feet went. I was stiff with fear. There was no place to hide. The girl came on. She didn't seem to hear him. He caught up to her. She stopped then and faced him. He came close to her. I saw him. He put a long black arm round her shoulders. Oh, the relief! I nearly fell down with it. He was only her

* "Frost at Midnight."

† The Sonnet beginning:—

"The unremittent voice of nightly streams."

young man hugging her. Was he? He had something in his right hand. There was a flash in the air, across her throat, and all at once she crumpled up like a coat falling off a peg and fell at his feet in a heap. And there was he wiping his long knife across his knee and looking down the road after me! Well! I started to run, fatish as I said. And he long and thin. Clap, clap, his feet went, and clap, clap, an echo came from somewhere. You know what nigger minstrels' feet are like? With a hinge in the middle? Oh, goodness!

There was a good half-mile to run between walls as straight as rules. Straight on across the river. The bridge had walls, too, and little recesses in them. There was a house on the other side. I never knew I could run until then. But do what I could, he gained. He was so long and thin. Clap, clap, behind me. Like a nigger minstrel's on the floor.

Then all at once, I saw a policeman on the bridge. I'd been too blind with sweat to see him before, I suppose. I saw his helmet. He was tall, too. I'd never loved the police before. He was coming towards me. He must see that something was wrong. I was between the two. But the policeman walked so slowly. I was nearly done. Clap—clap—if only I could shout.

I must have let some sort of a screech out of me, for that policeman looked up and saw me. He put his head on one side. And all at once, like lightning, he plucked his helmet off, threw it in the middle of the road, ran to the side of the bridge and lay down. And there was another black patch, as if somebody had thrown a black cloak down up against the wall. And I between the two!

Oh, Lord! It woke me up, of course.

L. P.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

ONE of the most welcome features of the present season of opera which bids fair to being the most successful of any since the war, both artistically and financially, has been the performance for the first time in twenty-five years at Covent Garden of Mozart's "Entführung aus dem Serail." It is true that it was revived some ten years ago by the Beecham Opera Company, but not altogether successfully, on account of the great demands which the work makes on the vocalists, each of whom must be an artist of the very highest rank if the performance is to be satisfactory. This applies, of course, to all Mozart's operas, but in a greater degree to the "Entführung" than to any other, because it lacks on the whole the dramatic interest and the brilliant musical characterization of his later works which are capable of surviving, to a certain extent at least, a mediocre performance. It is, in fact, one of Mozart's most typical middle-period works, full of the most delightful and fascinating music which is, however, only greater in degree, not in kind, than the music of many of his contemporaries and predecessors. The later Mozart is unique; the "Entführung" on the other hand might quite conceivably have been written by Cimarosa and Paisiello, at their best, in collaboration. The performance as a whole was admirable. Bruno Walter's reading of the score was perhaps lacking somewhat in vivacity and effervescence, but made amends for this by an exquisite finish and sense of detail, particularly in phrasing. The exacting vocal parts were admirably rendered by Marie Ivogun, Elisabeth Schumann, Wilhelm Gombert, Paul Bender, and Karl Erb in particular, who is perhaps the best German tenor we have heard at Covent Garden since the war.

On the first night of the Opera Season at Covent Garden the first act of "Der Rosenkavalier" was broadcast. The successful transmission of opera is always rather a problem. The balance between voice and orchestra is difficult to maintain—the voice is apt to be drowned, or the orchestra to become obscured and confused. Another trouble is that

in moving about the stage the singer frequently passes almost out of range of the microphone. Besides all this there may be difficulty in following the changes of singer, and the dramatic interest thus tends to be lost. This, indeed, was the greatest failing in the broadcast of the "Rosenkavalier." The quality of the voices of Lotte Lehmann, Delia Reinhardt, and Elisabeth Schumann is sufficiently alike to involve a certain monotony of effect in the Opera House itself, when heard through the ether by one not familiar with the music, it was often impossible to differentiate between them. All these flaws, however, were forgotten in the delight of listening to Lotte Lehmann's beautiful rendering of the Princess's lament for lost youth at the end of the act. If we had heard nothing else this would have made the transmission amply worth while.

"Mr. What's-His-Name," the new production at Wyndham's Theatre, is a quite reputable specimen of a machine-made French farce. The weakness of such plays, of course, lies in the fact that all the wit has to be constructed round the same theme and must hence consist in repetition, but thinly veiled, rather than in variety. Hence we are very well amused at the beginning, but get slightly oppressed just after the middle, and feel a trifle mad at the end. Ultimately everything depends on the acting. A farce like "Mr. What's-His-Name" is the perfection of a theatrical tradition and needs the same perfection in the acting. This is wanting at Wyndham's. Mr. Seymour Hicks is as ubiquitous and hardworking as ever, but some of his supports were rather wooden, though Miss Margaret Yarde and Miss Frances Doble, both threw a good deal of personality into their parts. But perhaps I am too critical. "Mr. What's-His-Name" exists to give pleasure, and a full house showed itself very well satisfied with what it got.

Playroom Six have returned rather violently to earth with their latest programme, which includes a play by Mr. Galsworthy, "The First and The Last." The piece is constructed with a fair measure of ingenuity, but this does not hide the fact that Mr. Galsworthy can frequently be one of the worst writers that have ever been taken seriously, without apparently any sense of form, powers of expression, or feeling for beauty, without, that is to say, any of the qualities that make up an artist. He is as usual on one's own side, and that of the angels, and produces out of his hat a pure-hearted waster, a golden-souled prostitute and a hard, successful lawyer, and as usual, by the end of the play, we are all on the side of the lawyer. Mr. Galsworthy is a bad propagandist for virtue. At 9.30, the curtain goes up on Joseph Conrad's "One Day More." Conrad was not primarily a dramatist, but "One Day More," to my mind, "comes off" completely. The three people, all in their way going mad, and the figure, half real, half a figment of the imagination who visits them, constitute a satisfactory artistic world, complete in itself, and the dénouement is implicit with a strange, logical beauty. Unexpectedly, perhaps, Conrad invented a quite adequate technique of stage dialogue. "One Day More" is far and away the best play I have seen lately, and all admirers of Conrad should see it. It is well acted by all the cast and framed in an ingenious décor, which strikes exactly the right note of somewhat lunatic unreality.

Any exhibition of the Royal Academy is almost indistinguishable from any other, and this year's, the one hundred and fifty-ninth, is not exceptional. Here are the usual sugar-icing portraits of society ladies so diaphanous that one hardly knows which is flesh and which is clothes, the usual portraits of the Queen and of the King and of other celebrated figures of the social, scholastic, military, ecclesiastical, and commercial worlds, hundreds upon hundreds of landscapes of picturesque places, a few war pictures, and figure paintings whose interest, being certainly nothing whatever to do with art, one can only suppose to be of a kind altogether less exalted but perhaps better calculated to tickle the taste of the crowds who throng Burlington House. "Problem" pictures, which used, at least, to provide the same sort of amusement as a melodrama or a

bad film, seem to have gone out of fashion. The picture which has attracted so much attention—Mrs. Dod Procter's "Morning"—though it might not look very remarkable in other surroundings, looks very distinguished here: it is at any rate painted with considerable taste, its colour is pleasant and luminous, its design well balanced if not very subtle, and it is the work of a genuine, if not very important, artist.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, May 14th.—

Robert Casadesus, Piano Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.

Sunday, May 15th.—

Mr. John A. Hobson on "Propagandism in the Novel," at South Place, 11.

London Chamber Music Society Concert, Rudolf Steiner Hall, 8.30.

Monday, May 16th.—

Wanda Landowska, Harpsichord and Piano Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.

Tuesday, May 17th.—

Eric Brough, Piano Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.15.

Wednesday, May 18th.—

Rev. Professor F. R. Barry on "The New Prayer Book," King's College, 5.30.

Mr. Robert R. Hyde on "Industrial Welfare in Great Britain and the United States," Royal Society of Arts, 8.

Guldberg's Norwegian Choir, Central Hall, 8.15.

Professor G. C. Moore Smith on "Thomas Randolph," at the Royal Society, 5.

Thursday, May 19th.—

Performance of the light opera "The Mermaid," by the Bermondsey Settlement Musical Society, Guildhall School of Music, 8 (on May 19th, 20th, and 21st).

Dean Inge on "The Philosophy of Religion," Royal Society of Arts, 5.45.

C.B.C. General Meeting, Essex Hall, 8. Subject: "What Converted me to Birth Control."

Royal Tournament starts, Olympia.

Mr. Law Leslie's Revue "Whitebirds," at His Majesty's.

Revue, "One Dam Thing After Another," at the London Pavilion.

"The Lady of the Lake," on the Wireless.

OMICRON.

ONE POET

LOSING himself within himself, he wanders
In the dark labyrinth of his mind so long
That the great epic which he ever ponders
Cannot escape in song.

AND ANOTHER

Not only from his own, but from the lives
Of all, his song draws nurture, and survives;
And never shall his powers know eclipse
Till death grows envious of those singing lips.

WILFRID GIBSON.

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH.

Gerrard 3929.

NIGHTLY, at 8.15.

MATINEES, WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY, at 2.30.

ROOKERY NOOK.

TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

AMBASSADORS.

NIGHTLY, 8.40. MATS., TUES., FRI., 2.30.

"THE TRANSIT OF VENUS."

By H. M. HARWOOD.

(Ger. 4460.)

CRITERION.

(Ger. 3844.) NIGHTLY, 8.40. MATS., TUES., SAT., 2.30.

MARIE TEMPEST in

THE MARQUISE.

A NEW COMEDY BY NOEL COWARD.

DRURY LANE.

EVGS., 8.15. MATS., WED. and SAT., at 2.30.

"THE DESERT SONG," A New Musical Play.

HARRY WELCHMAN.

EDITH DAY.

GENE GERRARD

FORTUNE THEATRE.

Regent 1307.

NIGHTLY, at 8.30.

MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., at 2.30.

"ON APPROVAL."

By FREDERICK LONSDALE.

ELLIS JEFFREYS.

RONALD SQUIRE.

GARRICK.

Gerr. 9513. Evgs., 8.20 sharp. Mats., Wed., Thur., 2.30.

MARTIN HARVEY in "SCARAMOUCHE."

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

KINGSWAY.

(Gerr. 4032.) Nightly, 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.

JEAN CADELL in a New Comedy.

"MARIGOLD."

LYRIC

Hammersmith. Riverside 3012.

LAST THREE WEEKS.

EVENINGS, at 8.30.

MATINEES, WED. & SAT., at 2.30.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM.

George Hayes, Miles Malleon, and EDITH EVANS.

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THE WORLD OF BOOKS

ANCIENT BEST-SELLERS

"THE Light Reading of Our Ancestors," by Lord Ernle (Hutchinson, 15s.), is one of those books which is the despair of a conscientious critic. It has so much interesting material in it, it is mellowed by such obvious affection for its subject in the author, it is the ripe fruit of so many years of abstruse research, that one's first instinct is to praise with the greatest generosity. On the other hand, if he do so, he will give to his reader an entirely false idea of the book. It is a book which only the most hard-bitten reader, who has a passion for facts, could read at all. It is not well written; it is badly constructed; and its shape is that of a circle described about a fluctuating centre. Lord Ernle has spoilt his book mainly because he never made up his mind once and for all what its subject was going to be. There were two different courses open to him. One was to write a history of best-sellers, a history which might fairly be described by the title of the book which he has written. It would have dealt merely with the light reading of our ancestors, from the time of the "Milesian Tales" to the time of "Waverley"; it would have been a fascinating study of what the ordinary man has read in Europe during two thousand years—a resurrection of dead books. His alternative course was to write a history of the novel as literature, a thing which has been done before, but which Lord Ernle, with his amazing knowledge of forgotten novels, might well have done again.

Unfortunately Lord Ernle's book falls between the two alternatives. If it is a history of the light reading of our ancestors, it is too much a history of the literary novel; if it is a history of the novel, it has much too much about the light reading of our ancestors. The fact is that the production of best-sellers is, and always has been, an entirely separate industry from that of the production of literature. Nothing that the ordinary man and woman ordinarily reads to-day will ever get into a history of literature, and so it was in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and so it has always been. Literary critics and writers themselves rarely realize this adequately. "Everyone is reading Mr. X's new novel," you will hear them say, when, as a matter of fact, everyone here means only a tiny handful of people in a particular class. Consider the case of "Tristram Shandy." Everyone knows how suddenly Sterne acquired fame by this book and what an immense social success in London suddenly came to the country parson from Sutton-in-the-Forest. If you read the critics or Histories of Literature or Lord Ernle, you will think that "Tristram Shandy" was a best-seller and read widely by the ordinary man. Sterne, says Lord Ernle, "lived his last few years in a blaze of celebrity." No doubt, the statement is correct. But Sterne was celebrated in and read by only a very limited circle of people, and not, I am convinced, by the "ordinary man." He was read by the very small number of people who like literature, and he was celebrated in that curious circle, London "society," in which the latest thing in literature is conventionally one of the few topics of conversation. The light reading of the public has never included books like "Tristram Shandy," and the ordinary man in 1759 did not read "Tristram Shandy"; he read the "stream of novels of contemporary life" which Lord Ernle says had become

a "deluge," but the names and contents of which he leaves unrecorded.

The history of the literary novel has very little to do with the history of what the ordinary man has read as "light reading" from age to age. It is a great pity that Lord Ernle has not kept the distinction clearly in his mind in writing his book and that he did not concentrate upon the best-seller. His knowledge of dead novels is so wide that there is no one who is more capable of writing a history of what the ordinary man has read in different epochs. There is in fact a vast amount of information in his book on the subject; but it is too catalogic, it is vitiated often by literary criticism, and one has to dig it out for oneself. The main interest in any novel, from this point of view, is not its literary merit, but its popularity, but Lord Ernle continually dismisses novels which were popular unnamed in order to discuss a much less popular work because it had some faint trace of literary merit. When he recalls to us the fact that in "Clarissa Harlowe" the fire in Mrs. Sinclair's house is caused by the cook-maid who sat up by candle-light to read "Dorastus and Fawnia" and set the calico curtains on fire, he is helping us to throw light upon what the great public really read in Richardson's time. For "Dorastus and Fawnia" was a reprint of Greene's "Pandosto," which was first published 160 years before "Clarissa Harlowe." Here is evidence that the romantic love stories of the sixteenth century were being read in the kitchen in 1750. Or again, that fact is a valuable one to recall that on May 11th, 1666, Mr. Pepys in the long coach drive to Hackney and Islington was annoyed by Mrs. Pepys and "her long stories out of Grand Cyrus, which she would tell, though nothing to the purpose, nor in any good manner," for Mrs. Pepys, who read translations of Madeleine de Scudéry's "Grand Cyrus" in 1666, in 1927 would have ordered Mr. Gilbert Frankau or Miss Gertrude S. de Wentworth James from Mudies Library. (Lord Ernle's reference to this incident is not quite accurate.)

Lord Ernle often talks of changes in fashion of novel writing and reading from one century to another, but his account is somewhat confused and confusing. My own impression is that the taste of those who read best-sellers changed very little between "Theagenes and Chariclea" and "The Way of an Eagle." The reader of popular fiction has always demanded flaming romance in adventure and love, or "the novel of contemporary life," or, better still, an extraordinary blend of both. Mrs. Pepys would have been equally entranced by Heliodorus at one end of time or by Miss Dell at the other as she was by Madeleine de Scudéry who stands between the two. On another most important question Lord Ernle gives very little precise information, namely, on that of the number of Mrs. Pepyses and cook-maids demanding and reading best-sellers in the different ages. It is significant that, as he tells us, only twenty-five novels are known to have been published between 1689 and 1703, while more than one hundred were published between 1720 and 1740. In the preface to "Polly Honeycombe" in 1760, George Coleman gives a list of one hundred and eighty novels "recently published." This confirms one's impression that the reading public increased enormously and rapidly in the eighteenth century.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

DOCTOR ARNOLD

Thomas Arnold. By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D. (Macmillan, 6s.)

It is just nine years ago that a volume called "Eminent Victorians" made its first appearance. The author, Mr. Lytton Strachey, was then quite unknown, and in a world that was still occupied with the problems of the Great War, these little masterpieces of biography, in which he has attempted, as he says, to present some Victorian visions to the modern eye, did not at first attract any great attention. It was only after the appearance of his famous "Life of Queen Victoria" that the supreme merit of this earlier book began to be generally recognized, and those four eminent persons—Cardinal Manning, Florence Nightingale, Doctor Arnold, and General Gordon—whose figures were already growing rather dim—became surprisingly vivid and familiar; none more so than the great Doctor Arnold, as our grandfathers used always to call him, who, though cut off in his prime in the early years of the Queen's reign, was perhaps the most typical Victorian of them all.

But while Mr. Strachey has been eminently successful in bringing back the figure of Dr. Arnold into the light of the intellectual day, there have been critics who have found in the very success of his efforts a rock of offence. Here was a man, they have seemed to say, who for at least fifty years had been buried in the magnificent obscurity of Stanley's life, till he had become an almost legendary figure, one of the accepted saints of our grandfathers' day. What business had Mr. Strachey to drag him forth in this irreverent manner, and present him as "a Victorian vision to the modern eye"? For his treatment of his other three heroes there was more excuse. Their fame was well enough established to bear the brunt of this new method of biography. But poor Dr. Arnold—so well-meaning, so earnest, so pathetically puzzled—could he not have been left in peace in his Victorian temple to enjoy the incense of his many respectable worshippers? Was it necessary to rout him out like this?

Other critics, however—and amongst them Dr. Arnold's latest biographer, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.—have been even more outspoken. To them Mr. Strachey's biography has appeared little better than a travesty, a false and malicious representation of a "serious, high-principled, public-spirited" man, the news of whose death "was like a thunderbolt to the many thousands of persons throughout England who had learnt to love and revere him." In the interests of such persons and their successors a better account of him was clearly necessary: how could so unjust a description as Mr. Strachey's be allowed to stand uncorrected? Not that Dr. Campbell has issued any direct challenge. There is nothing in the nature of a counterblast in this elaborate and rather solemn biography. Once only, in his preface, he refers to Mr. Lytton Strachey's essay, and then more in sorrow than in anger. "I am compelled," he says, "to regard it as a caricature and not a true impression of a truly great and good man."

To the world the great Doctor Arnold appeared most prominently as a schoolmaster. After spending some years as a private tutor, he went to Rugby as headmaster in 1828 at the age of thirty-three, and remained there without interruption until his sudden and premature death fourteen years later. At Rugby his success was achieved; to Rugby his reputation belongs; in Rugby Chapel he preached those famous sermons through which, says Dr. Campbell, "the tremendous moral authority he wielded was most potently exercised." But there are indications that his new biographer regards his achievements at Rugby with a little less than the usual admiration. "It may be questioned," he says on page 58, "whether he ever understood boys well. . . . He had too little humour to enable him to enter sympathetically into the workings of boyish natures. He was apt to be severe when he should have been forbearing, and indiscriminate in his condemnations. . . . He had no scruples"—so we are told in another place—"about corporal punishment. . . . His habitual bearing was stern and distant. . . . and in the case of timid boys this had a frightening effect. They adored Black Arnold, as they called

him, but it must have been difficult to love him." Certainly Arnold himself never supposed that his headmastership of Rugby was to be the main achievement of his career. At times he seemed to himself, as he once confessed, "the most ambitious man alive." He kept up a large correspondence, held strong and uncompromising opinions on the government both of Church and State, flung himself with vigour into various controversies, especially on religious questions, and published an immense number of sermons, articles, and pamphlets. The best edition of his published works "consists of no less than fifteen volumes exclusive of his contributions to various current periodicals." Unfortunately, "Dr. Arnold's own works," so Dr. Campbell thinks, "have less living value for present-day readers than the principles which inspired them." Had he lived longer who knows what he might not have done? "As it is there is surprisingly little to which one can turn for authoritative guidance in any of the departments of thought he adorned."

At one time he had hopes of being made a Bishop. He would even have liked a Colonial bishopric: all the more so, perhaps, because of his bitter sense of the evils of the times:—

"I believe," he wrote, "that the day of the Lord is coming, i.e., the termination of one of the great æons of the human race; whether the final one or not, that I believe no created being knows or can know."

He never altogether freed himself from the foreboding that things might go altogether wrong with England and the English Church. At the very end of his life he wrote to one of his most attached students:—

"One inducement I should have if they should send me as Bishop to any of the Australian colonies is that there should be at least one Bishop in those parts who would endeavour to build up a Church according to my idea of what a true Church should be."

But his hope, alas! was cut short almost as soon as it was uttered. The true Australian Church was never built.

What, then, were the principles which inspired Doctor Arnold's voluminous writings? Let Dr. Campbell himself explain:—

"A great theologian he (Arnold) was not; he was hardly a theologian at all; but his Christian experience was very rich and real. . . . He would fain have made willingness to worship Christ the initial condition both of the grant of the privileges of citizenship in the English Commonwealth and of admission to the Anglican Communion. . . . Some Unitarians, for instance, he would regard as qualified by their recognition of the lordship of Christ to become members of the Church and eligible for all public offices; others he would quite definitely exclude along with Jews and infidels. . . . The world, he insists, is made up of Christians and non-Christians; and it is Christians and Christians only, that should be considered worthy of enjoying the benefits of fellowship with the components of a Christian State."

On these grounds he strongly objected to the emancipation of the Jews, who had "no claim whatever of political right." Sometimes he even favoured the idea of their compulsory removal: "for England is the land of Englishmen not of Jews." In the year 1833—the first year of the Oxford Movement—Arnold embodied these views in a pamphlet which he called "Principles of Church Reform," and was surprised at the hostility with which they were received. They were principles which pleased no one; it was difficult even to persuade people to discuss them seriously; and he decided to issue a Postscript "in which he tried," says Dr. Campbell, "to make his recommendations more explicit and less bizarre." But the postscript fared no better than the pamphlet, and he was considerably hurt at receiving from Dr. Hawkins, the Provost of Oriel, through whose influence he had been appointed Headmaster of Rugby, a letter regretting that he had written "with haste and without consideration on subjects which he had not studied and did not understand, and which were not within his proper province." Arnold, however, was never to be deterred by finding himself, as he generally did, alone; and was soon flinging himself with more ardour than ever into a new controversy with the Tractarians; or the Judaizers and Newmanites, as he liked to call them:—

"Any mind," he wrote, "that can turn towards the Newmanites, i.e., their books and their system, with anything less than unmingled aversion, appears to be already diseased."

Unfortunately to most people Arnold's own views did not appear much better, and Dr. Copleston, a former Provost of

Oriel, described them as being "as extreme, ill-thought-out, and inimical to the true spirit of the Church of England as Newman's."

Poor Doctor Arnold; no wonder his face had that puzzled look. He was in many ways an attractive personality; warm-hearted, well-meaning, hard-working and extremely "good"; but after reading Dr. Campbell's life of him we are more than ever convinced of the essential justice of Mr. Strachey's essay.

P. M.

MR. CLIVE BELL'S FRENCH TOUR

Landmarks in Nineteenth-Century Painting. By CLIVE BELL. (Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d.)

ONE of the consequences of writing a good book is that people remember what you said and are apt to check your later performances against it. Fourteen years ago, when Mr. Clive Bell was propounding his æsthetic of significant form, he wrote:—

"About the middle of the nineteenth century, art was nearly as dead as art can be. The road ran drearily through the sea-level swamps. There were, of course, men who felt that imitation, whether of nature or of another's work, was not enough, who felt the outrage of calling the staple products of the forties and fifties art, but generally they lacked the power to make an effective protest. Art cannot die out utterly, but it lay sick in caves and cellars."

The nineteenth century is the mouldy end of Mr. Bell's long Christian "slope." Starting from Santa Sophia he arrives with disgust at St. John's Wood, and apparently there is nothing for him to do but poke about in the rubbish in the hope of turning up some unconsidered bits of significance.

It is because of this that Mr. Bell's latest book, read against the background of his "Art," is enjoyably shocking. The caves and cellars turn out to be rather more populous than we thought; years have passed, and the rubbish heap is a landscape. Yet there is nothing really contradictory in this: in a certain scale, a rubbish heap is a landscape. So when Mr. Bell now writes:—

"Between the Neo-Classical revival and the end of Impressionism lies one of the richest territories, and perhaps quite the strangest, in the world of painting,"

I for one prefer the later, nearer, and less austere view. The trouble with many art guides is that they chatter away in a strange jargon with nothing at the back of their minds, but Mr. Bell, who announces that his tour through nineteenth-century painting is to instruct only so far as amusement permits, has a very solid back to his. All that was explicit in "Art" is rocklike beneath the gaiety of these glimpses of nineteenth-century masters. Besides, as is well known, Mr. Bell carries a stick on his excursions in art criticism, and this weapon must be almost unique as a creator of diversions. Mr. Bell's stick will make a searching movement of appreciation before a work of art, and then he will step aside and his stick will be wagging naughtily at the foibles of the man who painted it. As a destroyer it is most variously active. When commercial art is to be dealt with, it is a bludgeon. It points at the Pre-Raphaelites through ten pages of this book—and then it is a long and probing finger of scorn. But it becomes a rapier against Mr. Ivor Richards and the newer psychologists, who deny Mr. Bell his most treasured possession, a specifically æsthetic emotion. His parting thrust at these gentlemen is:—

"My ambition would be rather to persuade them, to persuade psycho-analysts even, that just conceivably there may be things in heaven and earth which, inevitably dreamt of in their philosophy, have nevertheless escaped their waking attention."

That is a good example of Mr. Bell's deliberate, mannered, malicious wit, and it would be churlish to deny him that "liberty of the nutshell" which he comically craves, when he can pack it with so bitter-sweet a nut. There is, of course, nutshell danger in a book which consists entirely of articles of "middle" length, a form which very well suits his purpose of giving a vivacious glimpse of an artist's life and work. We get a few biographical facts, a dash of anecdote, a compact and acute discussion of the painter's

sources, affiliations and achievement, a photograph of one of his works, a pungent footnote or two—"and now," Mr. Bell seems to say, "off to Paris and see for yourself." It is difficult to steer a clean course of this kind between jaunty triviality on one side and unargued judgment on the other. Mr. Bell has many more successes than failures. Occasionally, as in his study of the Romantics of 1830, he seems to go off in a series of small and insignificant explosions, but when his subject is such that he can be art critic, man of the world and psychologist simultaneously, he is at his happiest and best. Thus his analysis of Manet's "Déjeuner sur l'herbe" and the "brouhaha" which it excited is brilliant criticism of men and art, and the same can be said of his estimates of Corot, of Ingres, and of the rediscovered paganism of the Impressionists.

It is sad but just that Mr. Bell's landscape is overwhelmingly French. If anyone is led by the staid title of this book into thinking that it contains anything complimentary about Landseer, Millais, Watts, Luke Fildes, Stanhope Forbes, and their peers, let him beware. In his Prolegomena, Mr. Bell looks witheringly at Victoria's Burlington House, develops a very suggestive argument that the camera is the real villain of that piece, and firmly and without gentleness blots out British art in its anecdotalage from the view. His course is from David to Seurat, so that Constable is the place of departure, but after that Turner is the only British artist who has full and honourable mention. It is rather disappointing that Mr. Bell stops just short of Cézanne, whom he regards as the point of departure of Post-Impressionism and the new century; but this book, short as it is, will give anyone who is not a learned amateur of painting furiously, and perhaps aggressively, to think.

BARRINGTON GATES.

WOMEN IN HISTORY

The Evolution of Woman. By G. W. JOHNSON, C.M.G. With a Memoir. (Holden. 8s. 6d.)

English Women in Life and Letters. By M. PHILLIPS and W. S. TOMKINSON. (Oxford University Press. 10s.)

It is eloquent testimony to the limitation of the sphere of women in the past that the history of woman is a recognized and circumscribed branch of social history, in a sense in which no one would dream of sitting down to write the history of man. The home, now as narrow as a dungeon and now wide enough to be almost deserving of the title of a sphere, is always part of it. To this other things have to be added, varying from time to time and from place to place; for the history of women is not one of steady progress along definite lines, but one of ups and downs and ins and outs, like a country dance. Polite society and the art of conversation come into it, whether exercised by the hetaerae of ancient Athens, by the ladies of twelfth-century Provence, or by the *salonières* of eighteenth-century Paris; love, from the grand passion to the nice conduct of a clouded flirtation; the toilet and all the pleasant and unpleasant futilities comprised under the name of fashionable amusements. To these there come to be added in the course of time the theatre and certain branches of literature, above all, the novel and the letter. These are the business of the upper classes; for the lower we move in the social scale the more difficult it becomes to write a history of the peasant, shopkeeper, or servant woman which is sensibly different from that of men. Then with the advance of education and the opening of the professions to women in the nineteenth century the parallelism moves upward and the history of woman in the twentieth century is ceasing to be in itself a separate section of social history.

There are two ways of treating the subject of women historically and they are illustrated from the two books under review. One is to trace the tortuous line of advance through the centuries, considering the position of women to be, as Mahaffy called it, a criterion of civilization (which is sufficiently non-committal to allow of several interpretations), and to this extent treating the subject *en philosophe*. A successful study on these lines would be sociologically interesting, and the late Mr. G. W. Johnson attempted it in

ROUTLEDGE

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KEGAN PAUL

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his book on the evolution of women, which has been published after his death. The sub-title, "From subjection to comradeship," gives a clue to the philosophic outlook of the author, and the chief value of the book lies in its description of early feminist writers, especially in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and in the second part of the book in which the advance of the modern feminist movement on all sides is very compactly surveyed. Mr. Johnson was a good friend to the movement and has many suggestive things to say about it. The early part of his book, however, which sketches the position of women under the ancient empires of the East, Greece, Rome, and early Christianity, is too desultory to be of much value, and a short chapter on the first feminists hardly makes up for a failure to analyze the position of women in mediæval and in Renaissance civilization. A serious book, with qualities of its own, "The Evolution of Women" is not the work of an historian, and the failure to relate the position of woman to contemporary civilization detracts seriously from the value of all the early chapters.

The other way of treating the history of women is to abandon all pretence of philosophical interpretation and ordered narrative and instead to assemble a number of brightly coloured pictures of the life of women at different periods from contemporary sources. Such a book is apt to degenerate into gossip, and though easy to do with a liberal use of quotation, is exceedingly difficult to do well. This is the method adopted by the authors of "English Women in Life and Letters," ably seconded by Mr. Johnson of the Oxford University Press, who has provided them with a really magnificent and quite unhackneyed collection of illustrations. Their book has all the weakness and strength of its type. It studies only the most superficial aspects of its subject, and is little more than a collection of quotations strung upon a slender thread of narrative. On the other hand, the quotations are very well chosen, and the result is vivid and readable, and should have a wide sale.

The bulk of the book is devoted to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the subjects illustrated include housekeepers in country and town, fashionable women, servants, women's education, novelists and bluestockings, nurses and governesses, the woman criminal, and women's industry in the home and in the factory. Examples are drawn not only from history but from literature; side by side with Dorothy Osborne, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Fanny Burney, and Charlotte Brontë, we hear of Margaret Catchpole, Lydia Melford, Pamela Andrews, and the ladies of quality satirized by Swift and by the SPECTATOR. One omission we must deplore, and that is the admirable, enchanting housekeeper immortalized by grateful Matthew Prior as "Jenny the Just." The book is weakest on its serious side; the chapters on education and industry fall below those on social life and fashionable follies, because they demand a more sustained treatment and a more serious initial study. But the picture of fashionable society, if not very new, is extremely lively. Here is Bath, where the young ladies disport themselves so engagingly:—

"O 'twas pretty to see them all put on their flannels
And then take the water like so many spaniels. . . .
'Twas a glorious sight to see the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks,
And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl
In a great smoking kettle as big as our hall."

Here is the dancing master, willing to teach ladies and gentlemen the Gavotte, Shantruse, Address, Allemande, Highland Fling, Irish Comic Dance, Cossack, Spanish Fandango, Louvre, Corsair, Brunswick Waltz, and no less than five kinds of Minuet and six kinds of Hornpipe (the latter distinguished as stage, broadsword, ground, tambourine, rifle, and corsair!), to say nothing of country dancing and cotillions. Here, too, is the hairdresser, building up an edifice which when finished must not be touched for three months, and "what is the consequence?" asks a correspondent in the LONDON MAGAZINE. "Sorry I am to use so filthy an expression! But really her ladyship stinketh." Another newspaper informs us that in 1795 there were fifty thousand hairdressers in Great Britain, and supposing each of them to use one pound of flour a day, this would make 5,314,280 quartern loaves in a year, so that "were such a man as

Swift to write a volume of allegorical travels, he might describe the English as a people who wear *three-penny loaves* on their heads by way of ornament." And this with a war in full swing and food supplies getting short. "English Women in Life and Letters" is full of detail of the sort; those who read for entertainment will enjoy it without too great a strain upon their wits; and those who read for an understanding of the past will find more than one ray of illumination in it.

EILEEN POWER.

A BRAVE PADRE

I Pronounce Them. By G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY. (Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d.)

"WOODBINE WILLIE," the most popular and devoted of padres in the war, has been worrying himself stiff over the problems of Christian marriage and divorce, and the problems of the unwanted child and birth-control. He wanted, he tells us, to preach a sermon on these themes, but found that he could not do so. Sermons were too general and too abstract. "No one has really faced the problem of the 'innocent party'—what a name to give a tortured man or woman!—until he has been faced with a man or woman whom he knows and loves, and been asked to decide what God's Will is in their particular case." So, finding that a sermon would not meet the case, he determined to write a novel, and this book is the result. Nine times out of ten, if not ninety-nine times out of a hundred, a novel written under such an impulse is a failure as a novel—though it may be a tolerably good sermon. "I Pronounce Them" is the tenth or hundredth exception. The author has become so much interested in his characters that he has made them live, instead of manipulating them to prove a thesis, and he has produced an absorbing story.

The problem with which Mr. Studdert Kennedy is mainly concerned is not that of the State divorce laws, but that of the Church's attitude towards those who have been divorced by the courts:—

"The State divorce laws should be strict, absolutely equal as between men and women, and equally available for rich and poor," says the entirely uncompromising priest who wrestles with the subject in this novel. "About that I have no doubt, and anyway it does not come into my problem at all. The question is whether Christian people are allowed to marry again after State divorce under any circumstances whatever."

In thus stating the problem there can be little doubt that Jim Counihan is the mouthpiece of Mr. Kennedy. The puzzle of the book is how far his other views are shared by his creator. Jim is certainly a saintly and heroic character, but his rigid doctrines are no less certainly the cause of a vast amount of unhappiness to the other characters in the book. The admirable Charlie, a God-fearing, self-sacrificing working man, is repeatedly refused communion, and told that he is "living in sin," because Maisie, the girl to whom he has devoted his life, has a drunken, brutal, faithless husband living. The unfortunate mothers in the slum where Jim carries on his selfless labours are encouraged by him to bring miserable, diseased, unwanted children into existence, and sternly told that it is wicked to adopt measures for the limitation of their families. Robin, the dainty heroine of the book, though she is passionately loved by Jim, and has generously divorced her rotten husband to give him freedom, is told that Jim cannot marry her and make them both happy, because the Church does not recognize divorce.

In one of these matters, that of birth-control, it is fairly clear that the author is in opposition to the views expressed by his hero. In the others he leaves us in doubt. Various points of view are clearly and impartially stated, and the reader is allowed to draw his own conclusions, in accordance with his preconceptions. This is as it should be in a work of art, but it is rather disconcerting in a sermon. Mr. Studdert Kennedy has boldly and honestly faced up to his problem, but he does not appear to have solved it. He has written a good novel, but an unsatisfactory sermon.

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THE THREE SITWELLS

The Three Sitwells. By R. L. MEGROZ. (Richards. 8s. 6d.)
Rustic Elegies. By EDITH SITWELL. (Duckworth. 5s.)

SURELY we have most of us grown accustomed to these Sitwells, and accepted them as striking and decorative figures in the tapestry of modern letters? Why, then, should we be provided with a guide-book for their better understanding, in which they are described and measured one against the others, as if we were likely to overlook or confuse them?

As human beings and critics of life, the Sitwells are perfectly able to look after themselves, for they are a remarkable trio, and can display themselves without loss of dignity or lack of taste. While as poets they have succeeded in circulating their literary coinage. If, then, their work needs such an interpreter as Mr. Megroz, it thereby confesses weakness. For pure poetry needs no gloss.

Either symbolism must be traditional and generally understood, like that of mediæval glass; or else a poet should be able to convince his readers of his meaning, and to make new symbolism a part of the reader's own experience. We had thought that Miss Sitwell was such a poet, able to educate her audience, and to enrich experience by the rearrangement of old designs. But if Mr. Megroz's explanation of Colonel Fantock and the fairy Laidronette can help us materially to appreciate "The Sleeping Beauty," then we were wrong, and she has failed.

Therefore, although Mr. Megroz has approached his subject with proper reverence and seriousness, his criticism is shallow because unnecessary; while his biographies are tiresome and pretentious. Moreover, his criticism is too often merely a record of personal reaction, and tempts other readers to contradict. He rejoices, for instance, that in "All Summer in a Day," classic grace has succeeded the wordy extravagance of "Southern Baroque Art"; whereas to the writer of this review it appears rather that a Rubenesque abundance of life and colour has been disappointingly succeeded by Corot's monochrome mistiness. Again, though we may agree that Osbert's verse is more romantic than Sacheverell's, it appears equally patent that "Discursions" or "Triple Fugue" is nearer to the classical tradition of English prose than is "All Summer in a Day." Finally, we must dispute his assertion that "Miss Sitwell's 'Elegy on Dead Fashion' indicates that she has reached the stage where incoherence of statement does not seem necessary to the evocative power of imagery."

For we suspect that those unacquainted with Miss Sitwell's verse will find in her "Rustic Elegies" difficulties which all Mr. Megroz's showmanship cannot (and should not) dispel. Her criss-cross imagery, and her perverse juxtapositions are still there, and are as delightful as ever—when moderately used. Yet after they have served their purpose to evoke an image, and to transport us into a fanciful world where Queen Thetis wears a pelisse of turlatine blue, they really should not be dragged in over and over again, apparently to force an unwilling pattern from otherwise pedestrian quatrains. When we first read of "leaves like chestnut horses' ears," of "foxy beer," and of "the marrow's dogskin flowers," we are caught by the significance of such strange descriptions. But as we read on, and learn that beer is always foxy, that dew continually "whines" in the marrow's dogskin flowers, that "montagnard" inevitably rhymes with "Savoyard," and that trees are as surely "swan-bosomed" as pools are "swanskin"—then we become impatient for something new. Perhaps we are greedy to seek after more abundant wonders, and should be content with these exquisite variations on a few airs. But can such embellishments be elevated to the importance of airs? And did Mozart ever write variations on a trill?

Mr. Megroz has called the Sitwells the clowns of poetry, and hence suggested a comparison with Grock—the master of living clowns. When we first saw Grock, we were vanquished by the piercing wit of his ideas, and the technical perfection of his performance. But his repertoire is small; and if we see him many times we grieve that he is content to fool within so narrow a range. So the Sitwells, unless they can exercise their invaluable imaginations on the conquest of new worlds, and juggle still more adroitly with words, are in danger of becoming dull.

THE DOWNS AND THE MARSHES

Sussex Pilgrimages. By R. THURSTON HOPKINS. (Faber & Gwyer. 12s. 6d.)

Bypaths in Downland. By BARCLAY WILLS. (Methuen. 7s. 6d.)
People and Places in Marshland. By CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE. (Palmer. 7s. 6d.)

Between Thames and Chilterns. By E. S. ROSCOE. (Faber & Gwyer. 5s.)

No thrill is more widespread and more intimate than that caused by the rising of the sap and the stirring of spring. The instinct to uproot and be a care-free nomad awakens when the migrant birds return and country-scented breezes blow through the streets of the town. So Mr. Hopkins, pondering over this magic of the "spring-fret," finds himself "content to sit in the 'Bull's Head' at Goring and let the world go by." On one point only he is determined: to follow the footpaths and ignore the roads. Nevertheless, his tracks and footpaths have their topographical associations. Unlike Mr. Wills, who favours independence of all maps and routes, Mr. Hopkins rambles to a destination and can lead you, by the merest hints, from town to village along the crests of hills. His enthusiasm includes all that, being in Sussex, is of Sussex; even Brighton, under the tawdry front it shows to trippers, is found to hold adventure in its heart. Its old inns echo with tales of smuggling and duels; of Charles II.'s flight from Cromwell's troopers; of the grim ghost of "Old Strike-a-Light" which haunted the "Rising Sun." Nor do the Sussex villages lack their local diarists, who combine a zest for good companionship with veiled confessions of their love of liquor.

But the spell of Downland lies forever in the Downs. Mr. Hopkins tries desperately to convey it; yet when all is said that can be of the silence and the sheep bells, the "flavour of the wind," and the "elemental sweetness" of Chantonbury Ring, he admits that "you could never explain the real Sussex." Mr. Wills, in closer touch with this evasive quality, attempts no explanation. He describes

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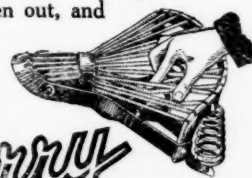
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no routes, guides no readers, and forswears companionship of all except the shepherds and their flocks. Of sheep bells and crooks he makes a study; like Richard Jefferies he can sit quietly on a hedgebank and note the teeming life around him, writing down, simply and without sophistication, what he sees and thinks. There is a peculiar enchantment in this book; free from all conscious straining after eloquence, the quietness and simplicity of its language go further than elaborate descriptions in conveying the peace of Downland. Mr. Wills is proud to claim the Sussex shepherd as his friend, and has gathered a fund of information from him. Visiting his fold in lambing time, he accompanies the shepherd on his round and feeds the "bottle-babies." To the casual wanderer on the Downs he has a message from the shepherd himself—to put a sheep that has rolled over on its feet again. Every chapter of the book contains fresh points of interest, and through it runs that streak of beauty which comes of close association with Nature and the things of earth.

Back amongst towns and building and spirited anecdotes of men and ghosts, the reader follows Mr. Marlowe through East Anglia on his bicycle. There is something unconvincing about Mr. Marlowe's championship of Norfolk. Though insisting on its quiet spots in unconventional surroundings, he is constantly fleeing from screeching modern towns and vast hotels. "Queen of English Counties!" he apostrophizes; and from praising Utopian conditions falls to blaming profiteers. The hasty conclusions and reactions of the holiday mood make up a volume that is more emphatic than careful. The author's real estimate of Norfolk seems to be that "where it is good it is very, very good, but where it is bad it is horrid." But, as the retrospective holiday-maker sees only the delights, Mr. Marlowe ends his tour exuberantly with a desire to revisit "these charming people."

Mr. Roscoe's pilgrimages are of another kind. Here the shrine is all-important, and the district notable only as its setting. The quietude, not of country, but of study, is in this little book, and spring has turned to autumn; for the men who people it are all eminent and of the past. Mr. Roscoe traces the associations of Buckinghamshire localities with famous statesmen and writers, noting the influence of place and man upon each other. Milton is seen living at Horton, and completing "Paradise Lost" at Chalfont St. Giles. William Penn lives, marries, and is buried in this district; and his grandson John erects a hideous but well-meant monument at Stoke Poges to the memory of Gray. Burke and the Disraelis are found here in their homes; at Marlow Shelley works throughout the summer on "The Revolt of Islam," while Mary writes "Frankenstein" and Claire Clairmont plays the piano. But although this type of ramble requires imagination besides observation, one does demand prosaic consistency in the matter of dates. It is strange that Mr. Roscoe's biographical notes should differ from his text, both as to the year Hampden refused to pay ship money and the date Gray began his Elegy. However, as the Sussex shepherds would remark, "there 'tis!"

LAND, SEA, AND AIR

Land, Sea, and Air: Reminiscences of Mark Kerr, Admiral R.N., Major-General R.A.F. (Retired). (Longmans. 21s.)

SAILORS' autobiographies are generally readable, for many years of knocking about the world can hardly fail to provide interesting or amusing material. Their defects are a certain sameness, arising from similarity of experience and a tendency to fall back on the stock naval yarn. Admiral Mark Kerr has been luckier than most, or has a better eye for selection. The embassy to and correspondence with King Ja-Ja; the cigarette box that broke, metaphorically, the backs of not one but fifty camels; and the visit to a Sardinian family, with the host's hand on his pistol, ready to use it if his guests quailed at the *n*th course or the *n*th glass—these are all stories it would be a pity to miss.

These reminiscences, however, are not "all for our delight." They are also for our instruction, and the author, at least, has no doubt of their value. "Mine is the testimony of an eye-and-ear witness, which is far more con-

vincing than political propaganda without personal knowledge." This is impressive; but we are sometimes forced to remind ourselves that other people besides Admiral Mark Kerr have met, for instance, the ex-Kaiser (whom he saw at his best), and the testimony even of eye-and-ear witnesses may differ. There is too, rather too much of the "Damme, that's that" attitude about the gallant Admiral's discussion of such problems as Imperial Preference, the League of Nations, and Prohibition (of all of which he approves), the tactics of Jutland, and the future of aviation.

For all that, the book is full of interesting matter. On the characters and policies of King Constantine and M. Venizelos, and the attitude of the Allies towards Greece, the author speaks with real authority, as ex-Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Hellenic Navy, and his evidence, which runs directly counter to generally received opinions, deserves to be carefully weighed. He can throw light on many aspects of the war on the sea and in the air, and while many of his opinions are controversial, they show, at least, a keen and alert mind. It should be added that, dogmatic as he is, Admiral Mark Kerr is singularly generous in appreciating the merits of others. Nothing in the book is better than his dignified tribute to that fine officer and great gentleman Prince Louis of Battenberg, whose devoted service to his adopted country met with such an ill return.

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

THE price of "The History of the Merton Abbey Tapestry Works," by H. C. Marillier (Constable), is 21s., not 7s. 6d., as was stated by an error in these columns.

"The Princess des Ursins," by Maud Cruttwell (Dent, 8s. 6d.), provides a full biography of an interesting historical figure in the France of Louis XIV. Mr. E. F. Benson has contributed a volume, "Sir Francis Drake" (Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.) to "The Golden Hind Series." "St. Thomas of Canterbury," by Sidney Dark (Macmillan, 6s.), is a new volume in the "Great English Churchmen Series." Modern autobiography is represented this week by "Joys of Life," by "A Woman of No Importance" (Murray, 16s.).

"Travels in Spain and the East, 1808-1810," by Sir Francis Sacheverell Darwin (Cambridge University Press, 6s.), is reproduced from the diary of the traveller who was the sixth son of Erasmus Darwin. "Lamuriac and other Sketches," by Ruby Cromer (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), is also in diary form, and contains sketches of life in Kenya, India, and Palestine. "The Polar Regions," by R. N. Rudmose Brown (Methuen, 12s. 6d.), is described as a "physical and economic geography of the Arctic and Antarctic."

The Cambridge University Press publish a second edition of "Themis," Miss Jane Harrison's well-known book on the origins of Greek religion (21s.).

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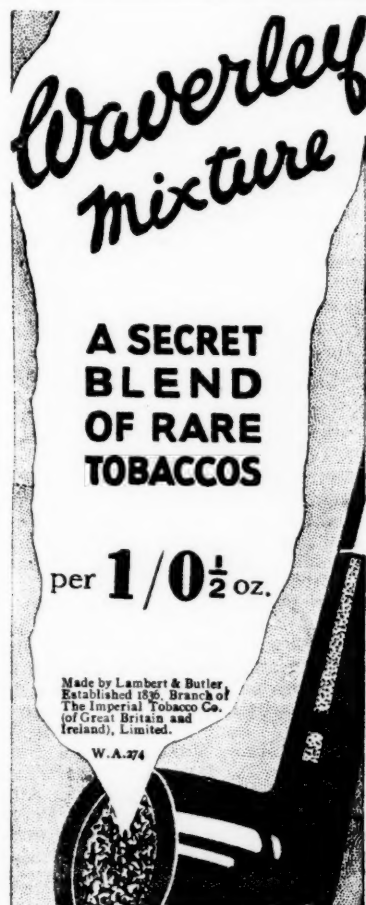
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—Curtain.

London: HUTCHINSON & Co
(Publishers), Ltd., Paternoster Row, E.C.4

The Splendour of Asia. By L. ADAMS BECK. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

This book presents, more or less in the form of a novel, an account of the life and teachings of Gautama Buddha. In her preface, the authoress states her intention of trying to make her subject "intelligible and human," free from "the mazes of scholastic terms." In that particular intention she has succeeded. The story, which is told in considerable detail, is an easily assimilable compression of much learning. It is by no means shoddily constructed for the cheap "dissemination of knowledge." The figure of the Buddha emerges as really great and lovable, a supreme hero and prophet, comparable with Christ. But there is far too much of the splendour of Asia about it. In exchange for oriental scholasticism we have floods of oriental imagery. The style is positively intolerable, enervating. There is hardly a page without this sort of thing: "Now Night, with the moon in her hair and the stars for ear and breast jewels, came gliding down from the high mountains and wandered in the palace gardens, shedding sleep unutterable and all sweet influences from her outspread hands." It is doubtful whether many people will be able to read through 250 pages of prose such as this, but if they do they will certainly be rewarded with an ennobling conception of the Buddha.

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A VERY beautiful Chamber Music record is the Flonzaley Quartet's rendering of Beethoven's Quartet in G major, Op. 18, No. 2 (four 10-in. records. DA851-4. 6s. each). The first movement contains some of the most lovely of Beethoven's early music. The Flonzaley Quartet play the whole piece admirably, combining finish with spirit—a necessary combination for an adequate interpretation of Beethoven.

In orchestral music the London Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Coates play the Prelude, Act 3, of the "Meistersinger" (12-in. record. D1219. 6s. 6d.), one of the subtlest pieces of music ever written by Wagner. It is interesting to compare this with the Overture to Rossini's last and best opera, "William Tell," which is played by the Royal Opera Orchestra, Covent Garden, under Dr. Malcolm Sargent (two 12-in. records. B2437-8. 3s. each). The French school, though in this case much influenced by Wagner, is also represented orchestrally this month by Bizet in a "suite" based on "L'Arlesienne," played by the Royal Opera Orchestra under Mr. Goossens (two 12-in. records. C1319-20. 4s. 6d. each).

The best vocal record is undoubtedly by Elisabeth Schumann, soprano, whose singing is heard to great advantage in two lovely Mozart songs, "Deh, vieni no tardar" from "Figaro" and "L'Amore saro costante" from "Il Re Pastorale" (DB1011. 8s. 6d.). Another fine record is by Maria Jeritz, soprano, who sings the famous "Agatha's prayer" from the second act of Weber's "Der Freischütz" (DB982. 8s. 6d.). Fernand Anseau, tenor, sings two songs from Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," and proves that he has a powerful voice (DB951. 8s. 6d.). Another tenor, Joseph Hyslop, sings "I heard you singing" and "Nightfall at Sea" (DA818. 6s.).

Mark Hambourg plays four "Songs without Words" of Mendelssohn (B2433. 3s.), and two other instrumental records are "Meditation" and a Toccata of Dubois, organ solos by Herbert Dawson (C1321. 4s. 6d.), and Bazzini's "Dance of the Goblins" and "Paganini's La Clochette," violin solos by Alfredo Rode (B2436. 3s.).

Among lighter music the following may be noted: "Evening Bells" of Eilenberg and "Pas des Cymbales" of Chaminade, played by the Royal Air Force Band (C1318. 4s. 6d.); Dennis King and Carlyn Thomson, with orchestral accompaniment, in two numbers from the new musical play "The Vagabond King" (B2426. 3s.); "I've grown so lonesome thinking of you," sung by Gene Austin, and "Blue Skies," vocal duet by Johnny Marvin and Ed. Smalle (B2441. 3s.); and the following 3s. dance records: "Down on the banks of the old Yazoo" and "Don't sing Aloha when I go," foxtrots, Nat Shilkret and Waring's Pennsylvanians (B5201); "I'm going to follow the rainbow" and "Sam the accordion man," foxtrots, Jack Hylton (B5236); "Shine, bright moon," waltz, and "Learn to smile," foxtrot, the Sylviens and Savoy Orpheans (B5239).

THE OWNER-DRIVER

THE youngest daughter of a friend with whom I had been dining insisted upon driving me home last night in an 11 h.p. Clyno Saloon, one of many birthday gifts showered upon her during the day. "Where's your dash light switch?" I asked. But there was no interior lamp of any kind. Most uncanny it felt to be in an enclosed car on a pitch-dark night without a light—and with a lady, too!

It seems but as yesterday since a little dry-battery lamp tied on to my steering wheel to facilitate the checking of the oil pressure gauge and speedometer during the London-Edinburgh run was regarded with envy! Now a car with no interior illumination is sufficient to give even an old stager like oneself a shock, and I have promised to fit the little Clyno with a dashlight wired in series with the tail lamp, so that if the latter fails the fascia board will be automatically plunged into darkness.

Whilst surprised to find the new Clyno *minus* a dash-lamp, I am astonished to see such a car on the market at less than £200. There is more leg-room both in front and rear than in another saloon with which I am familiar, costing four times as much. The suspension is equally noteworthy, and the steering as light as that of a bicycle.

The L.M. & S. Railway Company, I hear, intend to institute special excursions to Matlock, and to include in the day's outing a motor tour through the Peak District of Derbyshire. Their enterprise will introduce many people to one of the most interesting parts of a country rich in beauty spots. I was in Derbyshire last week-end for the umpteenth time, and have never found more enjoyment in romping over its glorious hills. Chatsworth Park, through which motorists may, through the courtesy of the Duke of Devonshire, saunter at their leisure; the caves of Castleton and of Buxton; the shrouded tombs in Ashbourne, and some of the smaller churches near by; and the old yew tree in Darley Dale Churchyard (mentioned in Domesday Book and still in a wonderful state of preservation) are but a few of the many sights worth seeing.

Chatting in Buxton with a bunch of motorists who have recently taken delivery of new cars, I found a general complaint against wind-screen with upper and lower panels of equal depth, which overlap in the *centre*, right in the driver's line of vision.

The almost universal use of wind-screen wipers has introduced a new problem which car manufacturers do not appear to appreciate yet. The pendulum action of the squeegee forces a stream of rainwater to the off-side edge of the upper panel, and this is blown back in miniature showers on to the *inside* of the glass, which is blurred badly to a depth of about a couple of inches in the *centre of the screen*. Even when rain ceases and the outside of the glass dries, the rain splashes inside remain for a long time unless the car is stopped and the screen cleared with a chamois leather.

The best remedy is a screen of a single sheet of glass, so largely adopted now on American cars, but a happy compromise may be reached (whilst still retaining a divided screen) by extending the depth of the panel a few inches, thus throwing the division line well *below the level of the driver's eyes*. Adopting this design, rubber channelling may be run across the bottom edge of the upper panel, to prevent rain being blown on to the inside of the glass.

I have just reconstructed a screen on these lines. Three inches of the metal channelling have been cut off the bottom half of the frame and joined to the upper panel channels. The bottom glass has been cut down three inches and a new sheet, three inches deeper than the original, fitted in the top part of the screen. The whole frame has been replated, and the appearance of the car is much improved; but such alterations should not be necessary.

After all the attention given to four-wheel brakes to make motoring safer it is time manufacturers realized the danger of ill-designed and ineffective windscreens. A radical improvement could be provided without adding anything more than a few coppers to the cost of a car.

RAYNER ROBERTS.

Mr. Rayner Roberts has for many years been recognized as an exceptionally well-informed writer on motoring subjects, and his wide experience as an Owner-Driver is at the service of our readers. Communications should be addressed to the Motor Editor, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, London, W.C.1.



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IT MADE YOU HAPPY WHEN YOU MADE ME CRY			
To-night you belong to me			
BLUE SKIES			
I've grown so lonesome thinking of you			

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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

N.S. WALES PROSPECTUS—BORROWERS' MARKETS—IMPERIAL CHEMICALS—SOUTH AFRICANS.

THE City welcomed this week the first New South Wales loan prospectus to contain a specific sinking fund provision. The sinking fund for the present Conversion loan is to be $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, and all previous London issues are to be assigned sinking funds of $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. per annum—operating in all cases by purchases on the London market as from July 1st, 1928. This is a great advance, but seeing that over a period of twenty-one years there has been no effective redemption of New South Wales debt, the Government might have gone the whole hog and applied a sinking fund sufficient to redeem the whole of this Conversion loan by maturity in 1957. There is another step by which New South Wales could have restored its credit more rapidly. That is to join the Australian Loan Council. At present the Loan Council only centralizes States' borrowing in Australia. If it could be allowed to centralize the London issues of the States, it would surely be able to secure better terms for the borrowers. It often happens that one State spoils the London market for another. But the refusal of New South Wales to come inside the sheep-fold of the Loan Council merely suggests that New South Wales is the goat.

* * *

The market is just now playing into the hands of the borrowers and even the "staggering" of a New South Wales loan must no longer be relegated to the impossible. The recent new issues, whatever their size, have been taken up with surprising ease. More than £42,000,000 of L.M.S. 5 per cent. debenture stock was applied for in spite of the 25 per cent. deposit payable on application. Even a loan for the Roumanian Government is said to be under discussion, and a rise of 2 in the Roumanian 4 per cent. Consolidated loan marks the confidence that nothing is too indigestible for the market in new issues to swallow at the present time. (We do not deny that this Roumanian 4 per cent. Consolidated loan at $47\frac{1}{2}$, yielding over 8 per cent., has its speculative attractions.) If Roumania succeeds, we shall expect Czechoslovakia to follow. The tone of the investment markets during the last account was almost good enough to encourage the British Government to attempt a major debt conversion operation. No change in Bank rate is expected this week, but a 4 per cent. Bank rate is not impossible in the near future.

* * *

"Leaders" in the industrial market, such as Dunlop, Courtaulds, and Imperial Chemical, have been setting a quick forward pace. Imperial Tobacco is a notable exception, and at about £5 these shares should gain support. In the case of Imperial Chemical ordinary shares we would not be surprised at the rise going further than 24s. The market is recovering from the shock that this nationally important merger (embracing Brunner Mond, Nobel Industries, United Alkali and British Dyestuffs) should have had to pay stamp duties amounting to £1,270,000. Sir Alfred Mond has stated that the merger has already resulted in great economies being effected. Alterations have taken place, he said, which would increase the joint profits of the combined concerns. Now the Chairmen of the four participating companies estimated that, after making due provision for reserves, the future earnings of Imperial Chemical should exceed £4,000,000—a sum sufficient to cover payment of the preference dividend more than three and a half times and leave available for dividend on the remaining capital a sum of approximately £2,865,000. Assuming that all the shareholders of the participating companies will exchange their holdings into Imperial Chemical (up to March 10th the capital issued in respect of shares surrendered for exchange amounted to 96 per cent. of the total), the capital of the new Company will be £56,802,996, divided into £16,219,306 7 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1, £31,095,555 ordinary shares of £1, and £9,488,135 deferred shares of 10s. The profits are applied in paying a 7 per cent. cumulative dividend on the

preference shares, a 7 per cent. non-cumulative dividend on the ordinary, and of the balance two-thirds to the ordinary and one-third to the deferred shares. A 7 per cent. dividend on the ordinary requires £2,176,685. Hence £688,315 would be available for the ordinary and deferred, allowing an additional dividend of $1\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. on the ordinary and a maiden $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the deferred. This calculation of earnings is based on past profits. But trade has improved, and profits should be increased this year. The fact that Nobel Industries has just increased the dividend on its ordinary shares from 10 per cent. to 15 per cent., and on its deferred shares from nil to 5 per cent. in respect of 1926 operations lends colour to the belief that Imperial Chemical profits in 1927 will exceed expectations. Finally, there is talk of a comprehensive agreement between the British and German chemical industries which would give this international cartel control of the synthetic nitrogen industry and 66 per cent. of the world's dye production, not to mention interests in artificial silk and coal distillation. Such an agreement is more than probable. The idea of the international cartel is dear to the heart of Sir Alfred Mond. On the anticipation of this chemical agreement German Dyestuffs shares have gone ahead in Berlin, and Imperial Chemical may follow suit.

* * *

In marked contrast with the strength of "investment" securities the speculative markets—oil, rubber, and mining—have been weak. The mining market may come in for support towards the end of the month, when the Rand dividends for the half-year begin to be discussed. The South African mining market needs understanding, but there is no reason why it should not be indulged in to good profit. It is dependent, of course, on the attentions of Johannesburg and the South African finance houses. That is why it is called a "shoppy" market. But mining developments can be closely followed. The finance houses publish full monthly reports of the progress at the mines under their control. The average speculator buys South African mining shares to hold for a "quick profit," but the investor proper should realize that South African mines do not create reserves and that it rests with him to create his own capital redemption account out of current dividends. It is estimated that the Rand will reach its zenith of production this year, and that in twenty years' time only a comparatively few of the mines will be working. Greater efficiency in mining methods may, of course, enable poor areas to be worked and recent developments at Sub Nigel may extend the life of the field. Plant and property which stand at a high figure in the balance-sheets when the mine is working will some day be worthless when the mine is closed. For this reason it is advisable for the investor proper to hold only the South African finance companies' shares. These companies now have extensive interests outside gold mining. Johannesburg Consolidated has substantial interests in diamonds (De Beers and Jagersfontein) and in platinum (Potgietersrust). The Anglo-American Corporation has more extensive interests in diamonds (Consolidated Diamond Mines of S.W. Africa and Angola), apart from an interest in platinum and Rhodesian copper, lead, and zinc. The Central Mining has control of Transvaal Consolidated Lands and Onverwacht Platinum and such outside interests as oil (Trinidad Leaseholds) and cotton (Parana Plantations) and the Anglo-Spanish Construction Company. Union Corporation has gone so far afield as Mexico (San Francisco Mines) and the artificial silk industry (British Enka). Anglo-French has a large holding in Apex (Trinidad) Oil. General Mining has acquired shares in Phoenix Oil (Roumania). These outside interests make for added security, but in purchasing the shares of the finance houses the investor may be assured that they allow fully for capital redemption of their gold mining holdings out of current dividends. "Johnnies" at 50s. are a good purchase. General Mining, which we recommended in November last at 42s. 6d., now stand at 52s. 6d.

